



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

STORIES  
ABOUT BOYS



A. R. HOPE



600021667S









"The two boys anxiously watched the boat coming slowly towards them."—  
STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 123.

(Frontispiece.)

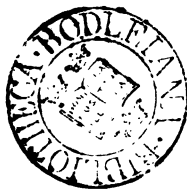
S T O R I E S  
A B O U T    B O Y S.

BY

ASCOTT R. HOPE,

AUTHOR OF

'STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE,' 'MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS,' 'A BOOK ABOUT  
BOYS,' ETC. ETC.



EDINBURGH:  
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

1871.

250. c 436



MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,  
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

TO

W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF 'PETER THE WHALER,' ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,—Now that the attempts at writing Stories for Boys, which you were the first to encourage, have been successful in gaining some degree of public favour, I wish to show a mark of gratitude towards a kind friend and adviser, as well as of respect for a veteran and distinguished Author in the same branch of literature, by asking you to accept the Dedication of this little Volume from—

Yours most sincerely,

ASCOTT R. HOPE.

LONDON,  
CHRISTMAS 1870.





## P R E F A C E.

---

**T**HIS book consists chiefly of short Stories contributed during several years to the pages of Kingston's *Boys' Magazine*, *Every Boy's Magazine*, *Merry and Wise*, and *Kind Words*. They cannot claim much literary merit. Some of them were written in my own schoolboy days, and one or two may perhaps be recognised as imitations of the style of more celebrated authors. I have hesitated about publishing these, but I encouraged myself by reading other books of the same kind. Whatever faults my stories may have, my conscience does not accuse me of vanity if I consider them no more unnatural or uninteresting than at least half of the stories written for the rising generation, and published and sold every Christmas.

I have to thank the Proprietors of Routledge's *Every Boy's Magazine* and *Old Merry's Annual* for permission to include the stories entitled *The Point of Honour* and *Dr. Lickemwell's Christmas Dinner*, which are respectively their property.

A. R. H.



## CONTENTS.

### I.

	PAGE
DR. LICKEMWELL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER, . . . .	I

### II.

SIR REGINALD'S GHOST, . . . . .	27
---------------------------------	----

### III.

'DON'T TELL!' . . . . .	47
-------------------------	----

### IV.

THE BOY WHO WOULD BE UNHAPPY, . . . . .	85
---	----

### V.

THE MUFF, . . . . .	115
---------------------	-----

### VI.

'GIRLS!' . . . . .	145
--------------------	-----

### VII.

RUNNING OFF TO SEA, . . . . .	167
-------------------------------	-----

### VIII.

A SPOILT CHRISTMAS, . . . . .	185
-------------------------------	-----

	IX.	
YOUNG GENTLEMEN, . . . . .		PAGE 201
	X.	
THE POINT OF HONOUR, . . . . .		213
	XI.	
AN ADVENTURE WITH BRIGANDS, . . . . .		247
	XII.	
'OUR BEN,' . . . . .		259



## DR. LICKEMWELL'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

**I**F you don't know where Dr. Lickemwell's was, I pity you. We thought Dr. Lickemwell's the finest school in the world, and despised all fellows who belonged to other schools. I think I enjoyed my school-days there very much ; at least I know I always look back upon them with the greatest pleasure, and I hope all my grown-up readers have the same feeling about their school-days.

Though we were happy enough at Dr. Lickemwell's school, you may be sure we were not at all sorry when the holidays came round. Like most boys, we used to think weeks before of the joyful journey home, and the bright blaze of our own firesides, and our father's cheery welcome, and our



sisters' kisses, and our mother's smiles—and jam cupboards. The Doctor kept us to our work in a way which made us relish thoroughly the pleasures of idleness for a few weeks; and the comforts and luxuries of home seemed doubly pleasant after the dusty, noisy school-rooms, and the bread and scrape, and Mrs. Lickemwell's puddings, in which (though she was an excellent woman in other respects) a strict regard for truth compels me to say that there was a great deal of suet and very few plums. But let me not seem ungrateful. The puddings might not be adapted to our taste, but, while we could get nothing better, we adapted our taste to the puddings, and enjoyed them thoroughly at the time, with only an occasional looking back to the flesh-pots of the home kitchen, and a regretful remembrance of the glories of mamma's Christmas plum-pudding.

To such a plum-pudding, among other delights, was I looking forward one cold, snowy December. The holidays were drawing near, lessons were growing doubly stupid and tedious, the days were passing slowly by. But we lived on hope, and exercised our arithmetical talents in counting the days that had

yet to pass by before *the* day,—a course of study which we liked better than compound proportion, but which did not please our master at all, seeing that it obliged him to do more caning in the last fortnight of the half than in a month at any other time.

But on this occasion my calculations were put an end to by a terrible and unexpected misfortune—the most terrible misfortune which had ever happened to me, as I thought then. Just a week before the beginning of the holidays, I received a letter from my father.

‘There’s some money in it,’ thought I, as I eagerly broke the seal. ‘Perhaps I am to come home at once. Oh, how jolly!’ But, alas! these were the contents:—

‘*December 13th.*

‘MY DEAR BOY,

‘I am as sorry as you will be, to tell you that we cannot allow you to come home for the Christmas holidays this year. Your little brother Ned has taken scarlet fever, and though we hope he is in no danger, we think it right that you should not come to the house, for fear of infection. I have therefore

written to Dr. Lickemwell, asking him to keep you for the holidays. If Ned gets better soon, your mamma and I may, perhaps, come and see you.

‘I know that this will be a great disappointment to you, but disappointments are things none of us can help meeting in this world, and we must just try to bear them cheerfully, and make the best of them.

‘I am sure Dr. and Mrs. Lickemwell will do all they can to make you enjoy your holidays, and I hope that your not being able to come home may turn out to be not such a great misfortune after all. I enclose you five shillings as a Christmas present.

‘I have no time to write more. Mamma cannot write at all, she is so anxious about Ned, but she sends her love to you. And hoping you are quite well, I am, your affectionate  
‘PATER.’

Just fancy my feelings when I had read this letter ! It was so sudden and unexpected, that at first I could scarcely believe it to be true. But there was the well-known handwriting, and the words were plain enough. When I had read it over twice, I put the letter in my pocket, and seeking out a solitary

corner of the playground, had a good cry. Need I be ashamed of it? I was only twelve years old, and you may judge for yourselves how great the disappointment was.

For two or three days I was very dull and miserable. The pleasure with which I had looked forward to the holidays was all gone, and the glee of the other boys made me feel quite angry. But it takes a great deal to depress a boy's spirits for any length of time, and I soon began to get over my disappointment, and to console myself with the first maxim of philosophy, 'What must be, must be.' Perhaps the five shillings contributed more than the philosophy to reconcile me to my lot.

But when the breaking-up day came, I felt my misfortune very keenly. The Doctor had been in the habit of making us a farewell speech on these occasions, which had hitherto always appeared to me very appropriate, but now I thought his jesting tone singularly out of place.

'I have to bid you good-bye for a few weeks,' he said, 'and, in doing so, I need not say how sorry I am to part with you. Of course teaching you, and

caning you, and scolding you, is the greatest pleasure I have in the world. Of course I don't like holidays. Of course you give me very little trouble, and I am very angry with your parents for taking that trouble off my shoulders for a few weeks. But that we may not forget each other during the holidays, I suppose I must give out some work for you to do while you are away.'

Dr. Lickemwell always said this at the beginning of the holidays, but the boys, who understood very well the merry twinkle in his eye, always met the proposal by a laughing shout of

'No, no ; oh, no, Sir! No holiday task.'

'What!' cried the Doctor, pretending to be very much astonished. 'No holiday task! Well, I think that I understand your feelings. You haven't the heart to do any work away from me and my cane. It is very gratifying to me to find that we are such favourites. So let it be, then. And now all that I have to do is to hope that you will get home safely, and spend a merry Christmas.'

At this the boys leaped up and gave three tremendous cheers for the Doctor, and then most of them

---

rushed off to make their final preparations for departure. I could not bear to see the coaches full of happy faces roll off; so I betook myself to my retreat in the playground, and remained there alone till the dinner-bell rang, when I returned to the house and joined my companions in misery.

There were five of us who, from various reasons, were to pass the holidays at school. First, Jack and Willy Somers. These two brothers generally spent their holidays at the house of an aunt, but she was ill, and could not receive them this time. Jack was certainly the very worst boy to be near a sick-bed, always chattering, and shouting, and racketing about. Unless his aunt was a very different person from most single ladies I have known, I can't understand how she ever managed to put up with him; indeed, I believe they had frequent squabbles, in consequence of a propensity of Jack's for climbing on the outside of the staircase, and a habit he had of tying a tin kettle to the tail of her favourite cat, and other amusements, which the good lady did not at all approve of. Willy was a small boy, about nine years old; and all I can remember of him is, that he

had curly hair, great red cheeks, and a funny little lump in the place where other people have noses. Then there was Arthur Howard, a quiet, gentle boy, who had neither father nor mother, nor aunt to go to, and spent all his holidays at the school, poor fellow. And the last was Edwin Saunders, whose parents were in India, where he gave us to understand that he was soon to follow them, and reside in a palace surrounded with palm-trees, with about a dozen white elephants, and rather more than a hundred native servants at his disposal. This picture of oriental luxury rather dazzled us, and we looked to Saunders as a person of consequence ; but I have since had reason to believe that he was exaggerating his expectations, inasmuch as I afterwards found him residing in a small house in a country town with his father, who had retired from the army on half-pay.

Being left alone, then, in the great school-house, which seemed so strangely silent and empty, we five resolved to make the best of it. And we got on pretty well after all. We had no lessons to learn, and almost nobody to look after us, and could roam about all day where we liked. So we chattered, and

---

played, and read story-books out of the school library, and enjoyed our freedom. If it had only come on hard frost, we shouldn't have minded staying at school much, for there was a splendid pond for skating just at the back of Upton House.

On the third day we were all sitting round the fire in the school-room, after dinner, when Willy Somers, who had been meditating deeply, uttered the following remarkable piece of information:—

‘To-morrow’s Christmas-day.’

‘Well, we all know that,’ said his brother. ‘Can’t you think of something new and original to tell us, Willy?’

‘I was thinking—I was wondering if Lickemwell would give us a plum-pudding.’

‘Catch him,’ said Saunders, who was of a cynical disposition, and had no great faith in human nature. ‘He’ll have one himself, but we’ll get nothing better than that everlasting stick jaw. If I was in India, what a splendid pudding I should have!’

‘If ifs and ands were pots and pans,’ quoted Jack, and then stopped, leaving us to meditate over this unfinished sentiment.



We were all silent for a few minutes, thinking of the same subject, the glories of the Christmas dinner which the other boys would enjoy. And the more we thought of it, the less we liked the cheerless prospect which was before us. I am afraid we were a set of greedy little fellows.

Suddenly, as I turned over my five shillings, or what was left of them, in my trousers' pocket, a bright idea came into my mind.

'Why shouldn't we get up a Christmas dinner for ourselves?—I mean, buy a lot of things, and cook them at the school-room fire, and have a regular spread?'

'Oh, that would be jolly!' cried little Willy. 'I have three shillings and sixpence. That would buy—let me see—forty-two apple-tarts. No; I think I would rather buy eighty-four sponge biscuits.'

'Buy your grandmother!' said Jack, contemptuously. 'If we go in for the thing at all, we must do it in regular style—get a goose or a turkey, or something of that sort. It's not a bad idea. What do you say, Saunders?'

'I say it's a splendid idea,' said Saunders, who

hadn't any money, and therefore felt free to pronounce a very decided opinion on the matter.

'But the Doctor won't allow us to be cooking things in the school-room,' objected Howard.

'Then we'll allow ourselves,' said Jack. 'No fear of the Doctor shoving his nose into the business. He'll be too busy guzzling in the parlour with Mrs. L. and the young Licks.'

'Oh, we can easily manage it,' said I. 'I have about half-a-crown.'

'At all events, if we are to do it, we must look sharp about it,' said Jack. 'We must buy the things this afternoon. All the shops will be shut to-morrow.'

Without further discussion Jack and I settled that the thing should be. Saunders and Howard held back, being rather afraid of the Doctor; but as they were not to furnish the funds, their opinion was not regarded.

Our first step was to form ourselves into a committee of ways and means, of which Jack, who was one of those fellows that always take the lead in everything, elected himself president, secretary, and

treasurer. Our joint funds were found to amount to about ten shillings; but as we didn't care to spend all our money, Jack, Willy, and I, agreed to give two shillings apiece, which we thought would be enough to furnish forth a sumptuous feast. Saunders contributed half of a cake, which somebody had sent him. Greedy fellow! he had already eaten up the other half, without saying a word to any of us. Howard gave nothing, but nobody grudged him his share in the matter, for we all knew that he would have been generous enough, if he had had anything to give.

Of course the great question was, what to buy with our money. Willy was very anxious to have a turkey, but that was out of the question; so it was settled that a duck should be got instead, which Jack assured us could be bought for half-a-crown, and could be easily roasted at the school-room fire. Then sixpence was to be spent on potatoes, tenpence on apple-tarts, two for each of us; the same sum on sweet biscuits; and the rest, it was unanimously voted, should be applied to the purchase of chocolate drops, by way of dessert. As soon as the bill of fare was

decided upon, we sallied forth in a body to make our purchases, and succeeded in bringing back the articles, duck and all, without being observed, and locking them up in an empty desk in the school-room.

Next day, you may be sure, we were in a state of great excitement. I am sure no family in England could have been looking forward to their Christmas dinner with more pleasing anticipations than we five. As soon as church was done we hastened home, and sat down with no great relish to our ordinary school dinner. It seemed lucky for us that we had something better in view, for all that was on the table was a dish of potatoes and some scraps of cold mutton. Neither the Doctor nor Mrs. Lickemwell made their appearance ; only one of the maids was in attendance, and to her Jack began to grumble, more for the sake of grumbling than because he cared particularly what he had for dinner on that day.

‘I say, Sally,’ said he, ‘this is a low shame. Is this all the grub we’re to get?’

I may here remark that, by time-honoured custom, all the maids at Upton House were called Sally by

the boys, who further distinguished them, with a lofty disregard for the rules of gender, as Sally Primus, Sally Secundus, and so forth. They didn't use to like it at first, but they soon got accustomed to it, I daresay.

'That's all you are to get just now,' said Sally. 'There's a great deal of cooking going on to-day.'

'Mother L. might have given us a plum-pudding at least. We'll all be starved,' said Jack, winking at us.

Sally vouchsafed no further answer, but disappeared with the dish-cover, leaving us to the enjoyment of the cold mutton, which disappeared very fast. We were too full of the thoughts of our own banquet to waste more time on the discussion of Mrs. Lickemwell's stinginess, as we thought it.

Before Sally came back we had hidden away as many plates and knives as we thought she would not miss; and when she had cleared away and left the room, we at once commenced operations, trusting to good luck that we should not be interrupted.

Jack and I undertook the important business of roasting the duck. We first carefully plucked it, and

burnt the feathers, and then tied a string to one of its legs, and took turns at spinning it round before the fire, with such satisfactory results that in about an hour and a half it was pronounced ready for eating, one side being by that time burnt quite black. To Willy and Howard was entrusted the task of roasting the potatoes, which they accomplished much to their own satisfaction, though a critical observer might have objected that they burned to cinders a good many more than they cooked. Saunders, for his part, engaged to manufacture a wonderful cake of bread crumbs, slices of raw potato and salt butter, which compound, I may here remark, was unanimously pronounced to be an utter failure.

Everything being thus ready, it was agreed to take the viands up to one of the bedrooms, and spend the rest of the afternoon there, in the enjoyment of them. This was done, and we were preparing to abandon ourselves to festivity, when a heavy tread was heard in the passage, and Jack exclaimed in a loud whisper—

‘Look out! Here’s the Doctor, or Phillips.’

In a moment a counterpane was flung over the tempting array of tarts and so forth, spread out on one of the beds. Saunders hastily sat down on the dish containing the potatoes, thereby mashing them for us very well, as Jack afterwards remarked. The roast duck was not so easily disposed of, but Jack's presence of mind did not forsake him. He hastily squeezed it into the pocket of his greatcoat, which he had just put on, as there was no fire in the bedroom. Scarcely was all this done, than the door opened, and in walked Mr. Phillips, the only one of the assistant masters who had remained for the Christmas holidays.

How lucky it wasn't the Doctor! we thought. Phillips was a heavy, slow fellow, with spectacles, whom we boys rather looked down upon, I am sorry to say, because it was so easy to 'humbug him.'

'What are you doing here?' asked Mr. Phillips.

'Nothing, Sir,' said Saunders, who was in agony lest he should have to rise and reveal the potatoes.

This seemed to satisfy Mr. Phillips, and he was going out again, when he suddenly stopped, and began to snuff about him suspiciously.

‘H’m. Dear me! Isn’t there a curious smell in this room, boys?’

‘Smell, Sir?’ said Jack innocently, though all the while guiltily conscious of the roast duck in his pocket.

‘Yes; a smell of burning, I think. Surely there is something on fire. Dear me, I hope not.’

‘Perhaps it is in some of the other rooms, Sir,’ suggested Jack, hoping that he would go to look, and thus give us an opportunity of getting rid of the unlucky duck.

‘Perhaps it is,’ said Mr. Phillips. ‘Will you come round with me to the other rooms, and we will see?’

There was nothing for it but to obey, and with a comical look at us Jack followed him out of the room. His presence of mind quite forsook him here. He should have taken off his greatcoat, and left it behind. But he did not think of that, and so, as Mr. Phillips was making his tour of inspection, he curiously enough noticed the same smell in every room they entered.

You may be sure we waited in great anxiety for Jack’s return. In a few minutes he rushed back into



the room, choking with laughter, and, flinging himself on his bed, began to relieve his feelings by kicking up his heels and writhing about convulsively.

‘Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a joke! I never saw anything like it. Oh! I say, you fellows, hold me together, or I’ll split with laughing. Oh, dear!’

‘What’s the matter? Did he twig the duck?’ we inquired anxiously.

‘Not a bit of him,’ shouted Jack, drawing it forth from his pocket in triumph. ‘Every room we went into he snuffed about, and said, “Very curious; there’s the same smell here.” At length he thought it must be coming from the kitchen—oh, dear! I shall never get over it;’ and Jack rolled about, and screamed, till the tears ran down his cheeks, and he could laugh no longer. Only, for the next half-hour or so, he was always threatening to burst out into another explosion, and exclaiming, ‘Well, I can’t help it. To think how neatly Phillips was taken in! What a splendid joke!’

Not having such a keen sense of the ludicrous as Jack, our mirth was not so boisterous, but we were greatly relieved to find that our duck was safe. It

was thought prudent, however, to put off the feast for a little, in case we should again be interrupted. But at the end of half-an-hour our impatience overcame our prudence.

‘The Doctor has a dinner party to-day, so he’s safe not to come near us,’ said Jack. ‘And Phillips is sure to be at it. He wasn’t at our dinner, you know.’

So we set to work at once upon the duck, which Jack helped by tearing off the legs and wings, and giving one to each of us. The body he kept to himself, and I think he had the best of the bargain. But Jack, as I said before, was one of those fellows who manage to get the best of everything for themselves. I remember we thought him very generous when he cut off a piece of the breast with his pocket-knife, and gave it to Howard, to whose lot had fallen the wing that had been burned in the process of cooking.

The duck was pronounced excellent; the only fault was, that there seemed to be so little on it after all; and when it and the potatoes were finished, and the bones licked clean, we turned our attention to

the less substantial portion of the entertainment. Didn't we make short work of the apple-tarts and Saunders' cake, washing them down with lemonade, made out of two lemons and some sugar which we had coaxed out of the housekeeper ! All the while we were talking and laughing, as well as eating as fast as we could, and agreeing that it was the jolliest Christmas dinner we had ever had.

The fun, indeed, began to grow fast and furious. At a very early stage of the proceedings Jack had volunteered a song ; and now, inspired by the potent liquor I have just mentioned, he had mounted on a chair, and was bellowing, at the pitch of his voice, a song which some youthful genius had composed, as a sort of national anthem for the school. I only remember the first verse, which was—

'In Upton House's wintry clime,  
We now must work at our books for a time,  
Or, if we don't, we'll catch toko,  
Which is what Mr. Patrick did upon the musical instrument bestow,  
So early in the morning,  
So early in the morning,  
So early in the morning,  
Before the break of day.'

The remarkable feature of this melody was, that

---

every verse was sung to a different air, and with a different chorus, in which we all joined lustily, and made such a din, that this time we never heard foot-steps creaking along the passage, as we might have done if we had been less noisy.

But in the middle of the song the door of the room was flung open, and in stalked—the Doctor.

He cast one sharp glance at the bed, on which was spread out our feast, and another at us. We looked at one another, and then, though we were in a great fright, couldn't help smiling, the whole thing was so ludicrous. Jack, standing on a chair, with his back turned to the door, flourishing the back-bone of the duck in one hand and a half-eaten tart in the other, had just begun a new verse—

‘Old Lickemwell, he is a—’

But here, suddenly perceiving from our silence that something had gone wrong, Jack turned round, and, when he saw the Doctor, stopped short, and got down from the chair, looking foolish enough. We were all looking foolish, I daresay, but we could not help laughing ; and the Doctor looked as

if he, too, was inclined to smile, though he was trying to look stern.

'Well,' he said at length, and then there was a portentous silence. When Dr. Lickemwell said 'well' in a peculiarly dry, meaning way which he had, we generally understood that matters were going to turn out anything but *well* for us. 'This is how Mr. Phillips felt a smell of burning. Ah!'

Then the Doctor looked at us again, and we felt particularly uncomfortable.

'I suppose you are the ringleader in this, Somers?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Jack, modestly.

'Come with me,' said the Doctor, motioning to Jack to follow him out of the room.

Jack obeyed, trying to wink at us as he went, to show that he didn't care for what was going to happen. But it was rather an unhappy wink.

The rest of us waited in great suspense for about ten minutes, wondering what would be done to Jack, and if we ourselves would escape punishment. A sudden damper had been cast on our mirth. We all knew the Doctor's cane too well to feel

---

happy while we were expecting to have an interview with it.

At length the Doctor came back, and made us a speech:—

‘I am very sorry to find, boys, that you have been resorting to deception of this kind. If you had known something which I wished to be a surprise for you, I don’t think you would have cared to take all this trouble on the sly. Come here with me, all of you.’

We followed him, looking at each other in surprise, and quite unable to make out what he meant. Was he angry with us? Was he going to punish us? Was he taking us to his study, which was to Upton House what the torture-chamber was to the Tower of London? No; he led the way past the study-door, and over the hall, and into his private dining-room, at the door of which we all hung back, like a brood of chickens, reluctant to follow into the pond the duck that has hatched them.

‘Come along,’ said the Doctor, encouraging us; and, taking courage to venture inside, we saw the

table spread out for dinner, and the sideboard loaded with apples, oranges, and nuts.

‘We are just going to dine,’ said the Doctor in the same grave voice, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. ‘Mrs. Lickemwell and I had intended to ask you to take your Christmas dinner with us—it is a pity we did not issue our invitation sooner. However, if you think you could eat a little bit, although you have dined, perhaps you will sit down and join us. You see Somers has kindly consented to favour us with his company.’

We looked at the Doctor, and at the table, and at each other, in perfect amazement. Was the Doctor speaking seriously? We felt quite uncomfortable. But there was that cool fish, Jack Somers, sitting at the head of the table, beside Mrs. Lickemwell, making himself agreeable, and grinning at us like a porpoise. Seeing our perplexity, the Doctor burst into a laugh, and cried out—

‘Poor fellows! Did you really think we weren’t going to give you a Christmas dinner? We meant it to be a surprise; but perhaps I should have told you, and then we shouldn’t have had you wasting

---

---

your money on bad pastry, and bothering Mr. Phillips with your culinary operations. Well, we'll say no more about it, but sit down and see if you can't find room for another dinner.'

Then the Doctor laughed louder than before, and Mrs. Lickemwell laughed, and Jack laughed, and we all laughed ; and finally we sat down, and Sally Primus and Sally Secundus appeared with a splendid turkey, and a roast joint of beef, at the sight of which we discovered that the duck and the apple-tarts had been mere trifles that had only whetted our appetites.

In short, we had a splendid dinner, and glorious fun afterwards. The young Lickemwells were all there in their best bibs and tuckers, and some other boys and girls came in to tea, and we had a snap-dragon, and a Christmas-tree, and charades, and no end of games. And when we had said good night, and gone back to the school-room to gather up the remnants of our own despised feast, which were now preserved for another time, we agreed that the Doctor was a much jollier fellow than we had ever before thought him, and that we



were great fools for having wasted our money. And that is the story of our Christmas dinner ; the only one, I am glad to say, I ever eat at school, for Ned got all right again very soon, and, as he came to school himself next half, took good care not to catch any more scarlet fevers about Christmas time.





## SIR REGINALD'S GHOST.

**M**ORE than two centuries and a half ago, in the good old times of Queen Bess, a merry party of guests were assembled in the banqueting-room of Burrelton Hall, a fine old mansion on the coast of Dorset. They had just sat down to supper, and at the head of the board their entertainer, Sir Ralph Burrells of Burrelton, a stout, jovial old knight, was carving an immense piece of beef, and shouting out orders to the servants, who were rushing about the lower end of the hall in a state of unusual excitement. The bustle, the plentiful fare on the board, the wreaths of evergreens hanging from the arched oaken roof, the quavering notes of a carol faintly heard beneath the windows, and above all, the jolly, hospitable looks of the

host himself, betokened that it was the festal season of Christmas Eve.

‘Hurry up there!—hurry up!’ shouted the knight, his red face glowing in the glare of the large wood fire which crackled in the chimney-place. ‘What, ho! master steward! see to it that none of my guests lack meat nor drink. Carry round the ale. Harry, a cup of sack to Sir Thomas. Have these carollers into the kitchen, and give them a supper such as they have never tasted since her Majesty (whom God preserve) came to the throne. Hark-ye! Michael,’ he continued, calling back an old, grave-looking man, who was about to see to this last order, ‘inquire when Peter’s boat will return. I have sent him to Poole to fetch my nephews, and I shall be loath if the lads do not come before this beef grows cold, and this pasty is finished.’

Master Michael Lambert, the knight’s steward, or as he would be now called, butler, bowed and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, ushering in two boys, about fourteen and twelve years old, clad in the long blue gown of Winchester scholars.

‘Here are your nephews, whom I found just arrived,’ said Master Michael; and the boys came forward to their uncle, who received them with a hearty welcome.

‘Merry Christmas-tide to you both!’ he cried, giving each of them a hand. ‘Marry, Edward, what a tall knave you are becoming! Rosy-cheeked as ever, Hal! You both thrive apace on the scholars’ fare at Winchester, though it is affirmed to be none of the best. But you shall have no cause to complain of the Burrelton beef and ale. What ho! Trenchers and cups for my nephews! Seats here! You shall sit by me to-night, and tell me how you are doing at Winchester.’

The boys being accommodated with seats on each side of their uncle, and their plates having been loaded by him with huge slices of beef, they fell to with a will, for they had just come from Poole by sea in a small boat, and had tasted nothing since breakfast.

‘And how fare we at Winchester?’ said their uncle. ‘Sir Thomas, you behold in these two nephews of mine, scholars more learned than the

great Erasmus, or even than their uncle himself!' and the old knight nearly choked himself with laughing, for he was well known to have more knowledge of horses and hounds than of books.

'Indeed!' said Sir Thomas Wilmot, one of the guests, with a smile; 'then they must be truly learned youths.'

'Come, Edward, tell us the Greek for a cup of sack, and you shall have one for your pains.'

'I cannot tell, uncle,' said the elder boy, laughing. 'I do not think the Greeks ever tasted sack,—nor did we at Winchester,' he slyly added.

'Ho! ho! ho!' shouted Sir Ralph. 'The boy will be Lord Keeper before he dies! No sack at Winchester! No, I should think not. Plenty of books, and plenty of the rod. Ho! ho! ho! How often does your teacher beat you, Hal?'

'Nearly every day,' answered the younger boy, with a frank, roguish smile. 'I hate Greek, and I would not learn a word of it if my father would allow me. Our teacher, Sir John Drake—old John, we call him—says that I am the dullest boy in

our book,<sup>1</sup> but I can beat all the other boys at tip-cat.'

'That's right!' cried the knight. 'You are just like your uncle, fonder of sports and games than books. Edward will be a great scholar, and go to court; and you, Hal, will come and live with your old uncle, and help him to catch deer and trout and poachers.'

At this moment one of the maids ran into the hall, pale and trembling, causing such of the guests as saw her to start and utter exclamations of surprise.

'What now! what now, Janet!' cried Sir Ralph. 'Where did you get that white face? Speak out, girl.'

'Oh, the ghost! the ghost! Sir Reginald's Ghost in the Red Chamber!' stammered the girl.

'What are you raving about?' exclaimed Sir Ralph. 'Sir Reginald, good man, is dead and buried these two hundred years; and have I not often told you that this story about his ghost is

<sup>1</sup> 'Book' is the word which was, and, I believe, still is used at Winchester for what in other schools is called a 'class' or 'form.'

nothing but a foolish romance, invented by some crackpated monk ?'

'Indeed, sir, I speak truth,' said she. 'I was in the Red Room,—for Master Michael had ordered it to be prepared for your nephews,—and I heard a rustling noise behind me. It seemed to come from the wall.'

'Cease this prating!' cried Sir Ralph, rather angrily. 'You heard some rat singing a Christmas carol in the wall, and straightway dubbed it a ghost. Out on you, Janet! I should have thought that no one in my house was so foolish as to believe such silly tales.'

'But Master Jonas says that the ghost comes back to the house every Christmas Eve, and wanders through it'—

'Master Jonas! Has that mad, renegade monk put his ugly head within my doors again? Did I not forbid you to admit him?' cried Sir Ralph, wrathfully.

'May it please you, sir, Mistress Rendle said that he might come into the kitchen and get some dinner; but he left soon after, and went no one

knows whither. People say that he can travel through the air to the other end of England in the twinkling of an eye, whenever he will ; and, indeed, he is an exceedingly wise man. He told me that I was to become a gentleman's wife'—

‘The fortune-telling varlet!’

‘And he also told Mistress Rendle that in six months she would be married to a young and handsome knight’—

‘Mistress Rendle ! My old housekeeper,—the ugliest old witch in Dorset !’ screamed the knight, quite forgetting his anger in a fit of merriment. ‘Mistress Rendle married ! A young and handsome knight ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! Hark-ye,’ he continued, in a somewhat more serious tone, ‘you may tell Master Jonas that if ever again I find him telling his detestable pack of lies near my house, as sure as Her Majesty has been pleased to make me a justice, I will marry him to the whipping-post. The statute directs that sturdy rogues and vagabonds shall be thus punished, if I forget not, brother justice ?’

‘Yes, that is the law,’ said Sir Thomas Wilmot, to whom he appealed.



‘Well, begone now, Janet, and let us have no more of this folly. If this house be haunted, it is by the ghosts of sundry cups of ale and sack. Those who see ghosts are either drunk or mad, or women. Fill your cups, sirs, and forget this idle alarm. Come, Edward and Hal, you are not afraid to sleep in the Red Room, are you?’

‘No, uncle,’ answered Edward. ‘My teacher says that there are no ghosts, and that if there were, God would not allow them to hurt us. I am not afraid.’

‘Nor I,’ cried little Hal, but he did not look so confident as his brother.

‘Well, fill the cups, Master Steward,’ shouted the knight. ‘Let us drink Long life to the Queen, and confusion to her enemies.’

The eating and drinking, which had been for a short time interrupted, was now resumed, the jovial knight pressing his willing guests to partake freely of all the good things spread before them, and calling to the steward and servants to fill up their cups with ale, claret, and sack. When the supper was at length finished, and the servants were busied

in clearing away the half-emptied dishes, Edward and Harry, being somewhat tired with their journey, and being unused at Winchester to late hours, craved their uncle's permission to be allowed to go to bed forthwith.

'Well, sweet sleep and a happy Christmas morning to you,' he said. 'You know the Red Chamber where you are to lie, so I need not bid Master Michael conduct you thither. Remember, Hal, we shall expect to-morrow to hear what Sir Reginald's Ghost said to you.'

The boys then bowed courteously to Sir Thomas Wilmot and the other guests (for in those rude times boys *were* taught to pay respect to their elders), and withdrew; and shortly afterwards the whole company dispersed to their sleeping-chambers, to prepare by a night of sound rest for the ceremonies and festivities of the morrow.

Edward and Harry knew full well where the Red Chamber was, for they had often lived in their uncle's hospitable house before; but this was the first time that they had slept there, and it was not without a certain feeling of awe that

they entered it, and beheld the old oak cabinets and moth-eaten hangings which were its chief furniture. There were some strange stories about this room,—so strange that it was seldom used,—and it was only because the other chambers were quite full that they had been put into it. The boys had often heard these stories before, and laughed at them; but what had been said to-night had not been lost upon Harry, and even Edward felt a little uneasy, though he knew that it was wrong and foolish to give way to such feelings.

‘Do you think that Sir Reginald’s Ghost really comes here?’ said Harry in a whisper, shrinking beside his brother as they entered the room.

‘No, Hal! What need we fear? Even if there were any ghosts, do you not know that this is Christmas Eve, and that the angels are all flying about to-night, and will protect us from anything evil? See,’ said Edward, holding up the candle which he had in his hand, and examining the cabinets and the tapestry, ‘there is no ghost here; and if he is a wise ghost, he will lie in his bed

this cold night, and not be wandering about as they say he does.'

The boys repeated the Lord's Prayer together, and then, somewhat more reassured, they doffed their clothes and jumped into bed. Little Hal was soon fast asleep; but as for Edward, he lay thinking about knights and ghosts, and Greek verbs and Latin sentences, in an excited frame of mind, for the supper which he had just eaten lay somewhat heavily on his stomach, and it was only after an hour or so that he too sunk into a fitful and uneasy slumber. The other inmates of the mansion were by this time fast asleep.

Burrelton Hall was buried in silence, and the pale rays of the full moon streamed through the windows of the Red Chamber, when a sudden and sharp noise was heard behind the tapestry. It immediately awakened Edward as he tossed uneasily about, and he gave a sudden start; but though the sight which he saw was one which almost made his blood run cold, he had the presence of mind to lie still and keep his eyes half shut. A secret door behind the tapestry opened,

and from it emerged a tall figure clothed in white from head to foot. Edward now closed his eyes tight, for he dared not behold the face of the apparition, and in a minute he was conscious that it was bending over them, and felt a warm breath on his face. His heart beat fast, and he nearly screamed out, but restraining himself with a great effort, he pretended to be asleep, and after a minute—a terrible minute—he felt that the ghost had gone away, and was stealthily gliding about the chamber.

Edward now began to recover his courage, and reflecting that this could not be a real ghost, he took the resolution of finding out the secret. He now heard the creaking of the chamber door, and then opening his eyes, found that the ghost had vanished.

Instantly Edward put his hand over Hal's mouth and awakened him by a shove. Hal started violently, and would have cried out, but Edward held him down, whispering,—

‘Hush! I think I will find out the ghost. Come with me, and fear not.’

---

The boys jumped out of bed, slipped on their long blue gowns, and crept out of the room, Hal being still half-asleep, and scarcely knowing whither he went. At the bottom of the staircase Edward caught a glimpse of the white figure turning into the long corridor, and rushed after it. Hal would have shrunk back when he saw it, but Edward seized his arm and dragged him on. They followed into the corridor just in time to see it enter with a slow and silent footstep the banquetting-chamber, the door of which had been left open. They hurried on undaunted, for the excitement of the chase was so great that they now quite forgot fear, and, coming up to the door, were able to watch unseen the movements of the spectral figure, which was stalking about in the moonlight with its back towards them. Its first act was to advance to the supper-table and drain to the bottom a half-emptied cup of sack which had been left there, whereupon Edward and Hal looked at one another in speechless wonder. Then it lifted and carefully examined a silver salver and cup which always stood on the table, and at length

placed them under the snowy covering which was wrapped round it. Then carrying the piece of cold beef which had been the chief dish at supper from the sideboard, the ghost deliberately sat down and proceeded to cut off little choice pieces and eat them, while the boys looked on with breathless interest and amazement, scarcely daring to believe their eyes.

In a few minutes the ghost, having satisfied its hunger, took a final glance round the chamber, and prepared to depart. Edward and Hal shrunk back trembling behind the open door, and shut their eyes as the dreaded apparition passed within a yard of them, and stalked once more up the corridor.

Close by the banqueting-chamber was a small room, in which Master Michael was wont to keep sundry bottles of wine and a barrel of ale, so that the servants needed not to descend to the wine-cellar whenever Sir Ralph or his guests felt thirsty, which was full often. Everything in the house was in disorder, and both master and servants had been too busy doing honour to the festal season

---



"The ghost deliberately sat down and proceeded to cut off little choice pieces and eat them."—STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 40



1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation

to see to the locking of doors and barring of bolts ; so that the door of this room was wide open, and the key had been left in it. Straightway the ghost, perceiving this, uttered an exclamation as if of joyful surprise, and turned aside into it to examine the tempting rows of bottles which were ranged on the shelves. But in an instant Edward leapt forth from his concealment, rushed forward, shut to the great oaken door with a crash, turned the key, and shouted out at the pitch of his voice,

‘Uncle ! uncle ! Help ! help !’

Immediately a great din arose all through Burrelton Hall. The boys shouted ; the awakened guests ran out into the corridors, and asked what had happened ; the maid-servants screamed ; and Sir Reginald’s Ghost thumped upon the oaken door with an energy that proved him to be a most notable and terrible spectre.

In a few minutes some of the servants came running up, only half-awake.

‘What means this clamour ? Whom have we here ?’

‘Stand back ! stand back !’ cried Edward, excit-

edly, 'I have trapped the ghost ; keep him fast till uncle comes.'

And indeed the worthy Sir Ralph now appeared, clad only in his bed-gown, with a cloak thrown over it. Sir Thomas Wilmot and others of the guests followed him, similarly attired.


'The ghost is here, uncle! We have him fast! The door is locked.'

'Why, this is an honest ghost, as Will Shakespeare says in one of his plays,' said Sir Thomas Wilmot, hearing the noise which proceeded from the little room.

'Nay, rather a dishonest ghost, I fear,' said another guest, who had been listening to the hurried account which Edward was giving of what he had seen.

But now the ghost, not content with kicking and stamping, began to swear very audibly, and in very good though profane English.

'This is a naughty ghost,' cried Sir Ralph. 'Surely my good ancestor is learned in all the wicked words of our present time! But open the door, and let us exorcise this ghost.'



The assembled party placed themselves in a circle round the door, so that no one could escape. It was then unlocked and flung violently open, and a tall, villanous-looking man was discovered behind it, while the silver cup and salver, and the white sheet in which he had been wrapped, lay in a corner of the room.

‘Master Jonas, as I live!’ cried Sir Ralph. ‘Thou lying, fortune-telling, snivelling, thieving, rascally’—

And here the knight’s vocabulary broke down, and turning to the servants, he shouted out,—

‘Bring cords, and tie him hand and foot! It would be but justice if he were to be hanged from the tower forthwith. Ghost, forsooth! This the ghost! Knave, you shall rue this! Off with him, and see that he escapes not, or you shall answer smartly for it.’

It was indeed Master Jonas, who, practising upon the folly and credulity of the servants, had obtained an opportunity to hide himself in the house, and had trusted to be able to make a rich plunder with impunity, by using the legend about Sir Reginald

to his own advantage. He was well acquainted with the house, for in the reign of Bloody Mary he had been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and had lived with Sir Ralph's father, who was a zealous Catholic, but had been summarily ejected by Sir Ralph, who was an equally zealous Protestant, and hated the dissimulation and craftiness which characterized him, as well as many of the priests in those days. When Elizabeth came to the throne, Master Jonas cast off his cowl, and lived by fortune-telling and other kinds of cheating.

He was dragged off by the servants, and then the knight's wrath cooled down, and he and all the rest returned to bed. Edward and Hal, however, could scarcely sleep for some time, so excited were they by their adventure, and so eager for the time when they should be able to relate it to their wondering companions at Winchester.

The next day was indeed a merry and joyful Christmas, and Sir Ralph and his guests celebrated it in right royal fashion, draining a bowl to the young scholars, who had laid Sir Reginald's Ghost so boldly and effectually. As for Master Jonas, he

spent his Christmas in a sadder and gloomier fashion, lying in the strong room of the hall with fetters on his legs, and looking forward with uncomfortable forebodings to the day when her Majesty's justices of the peace should hold their sessions.

And thus ends this tale of Sir Reginald's Ghost, which was never afterwards seen nor heard of at Burrelton Hall.







## ‘DON’T TELL.’

---

### CHAPTER I.

‘**D**ON’T like to.’  
‘What stuff!’ said Joe Winter. ‘Why, Willy, there’s not the ghost of a chance of being found out; nobody is ever about there at night.’

‘But he is sure to miss them. Bob Hunt told me, that night you—’

‘Yes, man; but they thought it was the gipsies on the common, and they will think it is the gipsies again.’

‘But my aunt—’ began Willy.

‘As if you couldn’t be out all night without her knowing anything about it! Come now, you are afraid; that’s the truth.’



'I'm not.'

'Then why won't you say yes? It will be such a jolly lark!'

And the end of the matter was, that Willy Winter did say yes, because he was afraid to be thought afraid if he said no.

These two boys were cousins, and they had been carrying on this conversation while returning one afternoon from the St. Ernot's grammar school, at which they were day pupils. What Willy at length said yes to, was a proposal to go that night and steal some apples from the master's garden. It was sorely against his will that he consented, though he did not like to tell his cousin the real reason of his reluctance, which was, that Willy knew it was very wrong to steal.

At the same time, two other grammar school boys, by name Hunt and Stevens, were walking home to the master's house, where they were boarders, and were also concocting some plot which seemed to be of an amusing nature, if one might judge from Stevens having to stand still in the middle of the road and give vent to his laughter.

'Oh, splendid! I never heard of such a joke in my life.'

'I don't think they will try it again in a hurry,' chuckled Hunt.

'But what will Old Y. say?'

'Well, it will be very ungrateful of him if he is not much obliged to us. Look here, Stevens, I'll tell you how we will manage it.'

But, to save time, we shall let these two pursue their walk and talk alone, for the present, merely explaining that 'Old Y.' was the way in which the irreverent boys of St. Ernot's grammar school generally spoke of their master, Mr. Wyvill.

When Willy Winter went to his bedroom that night, he did not feel at all at ease in his mind. Nobody was more full of spirits than Willy at most times. He was tricky and careless, like other boys, and perhaps not more of a coward than other boys, but he had never stolen before.

As he had agreed with Joe, he did not undress himself, but from force of habit he knelt down to say his prayers as usual; and when he did so, there came into his memory the image of one at whose knee he

had learned to pray, and whose gentle voice had taught him that to sin was to make God angry, and himself miserable. For Willy was an orphan: his father had died when he was a baby; his mother he was still in mourning for; and now, when he thought of her,—of the loving earnestness with which she had tried to make him an honest and dutiful boy,—he shrank from doing what he had promised to do, and wished with all his heart that he had had the courage to say no to his cousin. 'No' seems such a little, easy word, but all of us know how hard it is to say it sometimes.

While he was considering what excuse he could make to Joe, he thought he heard the footstep of his aunt, with whom he now lived, and hastily blew out his candle, and sprang into bed, dressed as he was. It was a false alarm. But when he began to think again about what he should do, it seemed harder to make up his mind. Joe was always laughing at him for being afraid. There wasn't so much harm in taking a few apples; it wasn't like stealing anything else. Of course it was only for the fun, and not for the apples, that he cared. Mr. Wyvill would

never miss them. After this, Joe could never say that he was a coward, and he would never do such a thing again.

While Willy was telling these lies to his conscience, he heard a low whistle under the window. This was the signal which Joe and he had agreed upon ; so he jumped up and opened the window.

‘Are you ready?’ whispered Joe.

‘All right!’

‘Look sharp, then ; it’s cold standing here. I have got the bag. Come along!’

Willy hesitated no longer. He put on his slippers, and stole quietly out.

Miss Winter’s cottage was small, but she was quite deaf, and her only servant did not sleep in the house ; so Willy might have taken the key of the door from the parlour table, and walked out as boldly as he pleased, without danger of arousing any one. But when people are doing wrong, they are afraid of the sound of their own footsteps.

In a minute he had joined Joe in the road, and they set off to Mr. Wyvill’s garden, which was about half a mile out of the town.

If Willy could have had his choice, he would have wished to have been in his bed ; but now that he was fairly in for the expedition, he tried not to think about what he was doing, and laughed and chatted as gaily as Joe, who, for his part, had no scruples, except the fear of being found out.

But when they came beneath the garden wall, they began to walk cautiously and to speak in a low tone.

'Here we are. Now we must—'

'Hush! didn't you hear some one?' whispered Willy.

'Nonsense! Everybody is fast asleep. If you heard anything, it is only Old Y. snoring. Now come on ; I'll give you a leg over the wall, and then you'll throw the apples down to me, and I'll put them in the bag.'

'Oh no! you go over.'

'Oh, you are a cool fellow! You must take your fair share of the work, and you are smaller than me, you know; so over with you. Besides, I wouldn't have you keeping guard here ; you would be fancying you heard some one, and bolting off every minute.'

'I wish you would go.'

'I tell you it must be you. Come now, you are afraid after all.'

'I'm no more afraid than you are. Well, then, let us look sharp about it.'

'Fire away. Now remember, don't take any but the big ones.'

Then Willy got upon Joe's back and scrambled up the wall. And as soon as he looked over it—oh, horror! there was before him a figure dressed in white, with ghastly countenance, and eyes shining like fire. Willy gave a scream, and dropped to the ground, and a burst of fiendish laughter came from the other side of the wall.





## CHAPTER II.

**W**ILLY never knew how he got on his legs again, and found himself running away with all his might, he cared not where. He heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and flew on in breathless terror. This was Joe, who was running away also ; but Willy did not think of him, and ran on with closed eyes, not daring to open them for fear he should see that white figure at his side, and fancying every moment that its cold hand was about to be laid upon his shoulder. On he went madly, down the road, over the common, across a stubble field, past Farmer Toft's stackyard, till at length his blind career was cut short by his rolling head-over-heels into a ditch.

Willy picked himself up, all wet and dirty, and

sat down on a fence, sobbing. He had left the other footsteps behind: not a sound could be heard round him, but the darkness and stillness of the night only added to his fear. That horrible figure and its burning eyes! He could not remain there. He got up, and tremblingly hurried home.

In ten minutes he was safe in bed, but these minutes had seemed to him like hours; and even now his wretchedness was beyond all description. Bury his head beneath the bed-clothes as he would, he could not hide that horrid sight. The white figure seemed to be beside him still, glaring horribly with its fiery eyes, and writing on the wall in letters of fire, 'Thou shalt not steal!' Willy almost screamed again.

At length he ventured to throw away the blanket and to look up. He was alone in the room, and the moon was peacefully shining through the window. Then a fit of tears came to his relief, and he was able to think more calmly. What would he not have given to have refused to go with Joe! He dared not rise;



but, kneeling in his bed, he prayed to God to forgive him, and make him a better boy.

For the greater part of that night he tossed uneasily on his bed, unable to sleep, and troubled by all sorts of feverish fancies. Now he almost thought that Joe was standing by his bedside, and telling him not to be a coward. Then came that dreadful figure! Would he never be able to forget it? And, again, it seemed as if his mother came to him and took his hand, and cried over him; and at length he fell asleep.

But it was a broken and restless sleep; and when he awoke next morning, he felt tired and dazed. What had happened to him? He rubbed his heavy eyes, and remembered it all. If he could only have woke up to find it a dream!

His aunt noticed at breakfast that he did not seem well, and wished him to stay away from school. But Willy dared not do this, though he knew not how he should have the courage to show himself among the other boys.

With a heavy heart he took his books and set off to the grammar school as usual. He was

almost sure that he had been found out, and would be severely punished. But this fear was nothing to that which he knew would come upon him when it was dark, and he was alone, and the white figure again! No punishment could be like that terror.

On the road he called for Joe; but his cousin had already set off to school, and Willy had to make his way alone into the playground;—a great trial, for he half-expected that all the boys would turn and look at him, and say that he was a thief. But, to his great relief, he found them all gathered in a group talking over something. At first he shrank from approaching them; but he did not like to stand alone, and, besides, there was Joe in the middle of the group; so he took heart, and walked up in time to hear Hunt say:

‘It was the richest fun. We made a turnip-lantern, and put a candle inside it, and stuck this on the top of a big gooseberry bush, and rigged it up with an old night-shirt. Oh, it was the rarest ghost you ever saw! And you should have heard the yell the fellow gave when he saw

it, and the way they all bolted off. Wasn't it a joke! I can't get over it. Old Stevens has been laughing ever since, and I believe he'll split his fat sides before the day is over.'

Willy drew a long breath of relief. His eyes met Joe's, who frowned at him, and said to Hunt:

'Are you sure they were gipsies?'

'I think so. The fellow who was getting over the wall was a great big chap about six foot high. He had a gun in his hand, and I think he had some pistols too. I followed him a bit down the road, and I only wish I had caught him,' said Hunt, looking valiant.

Joe winked at Willy, and this time it was he who would not return the look.

'Let us tell the police, and go and look for the gipsies,' proposed one of Mr. Wyvill's boarders.

'You needn't trouble yourself,' said Joe. 'They are safe to have gone far enough away, when they saw they were found out.'

'Besides,' said Bob Hunt, 'I had just as soon that Old Y. didn't know anything about it. I am not quite sure that he would approve of my little trick.'

But now the bell rang, and Bob's audience had to move off to the schoolroom, the small boys running in front, and the big ones walking more sedately behind, as became their superior age and dignity.





### CHAPTER III.

**W**HEN Willy Winter found out the nature of the apparition that had frightened him so much, a great weight seemed to have been taken off his mind, and he hoped he should hear no more about his escapade. Joe was equally glad that suspicion had not fallen on them. As they were going into the school he whispered :

‘What an ass you were, to be frightened at nothing !’

‘You would have been frightened too.’

‘Look out ! Some of the fellows will hear you. Now, Willy, if you ever tell anybody about this, I’ll—’

But Joe’s threat was cut short by Mr. Wyvill’s voice calling ‘Silence !’ There was no need of threats, however, to persuade Willy to keep the secret,—if he could.

---

At eleven o'clock the boys were allowed to go out and play for a quarter of an hour. Joe seemed anxious to avoid his cousin; so Willy went off by himself into a corner of the playground, and presently Bob Hunt came to him and said abruptly:

'Winter, I saw you looking very queer when I was telling about those fellows who came to steal Wyvill's apples.'

Willy turned as red as fire.

'Oh ho! young man,' said Bob, looking hard at him. 'I know what I know.'

'Oh, I say, Hunt, don't tell.'

'So you steal apples?'

'I didn't—'

'But you were going to. It's much the same thing.'

'I'll never do it again. But I say, Hunt, you won't tell; will you?'

'Oh, you needn't be afraid. I don't tell about fellows. It's only fellows who steal that tell.'

Now, to tell the truth, Bob Hunt was not the best behaved of boys, and I don't know that stealing apples had ever been such a sin in his eyes

before ; but it is so nice, you know, to air our own virtue at the expense of somebody who has done something we have not done. So Bob found great satisfaction in looking down on poor Willy as a despicable character.

'I suppose you had some of these low cads from the town with you ?' he said very contemptuously.

'Yes—but—we won't do it again.'

'You had better not.'

'Well, you will promise not to tell any one ?'

'All right.'

Poor Willy had very little faith in Bob's power of holding his tongue, and he feared that the story would, after all, come to the sharp ears of Mr. Wyvill. But Bob had another reason for saying nothing about what he had found out. That young gentleman, without exactly meaning to tell an untruth about it, had, as we have seen, rather exaggerated the account of his nocturnal adventure, and had almost managed to persuade himself that he had repelled an attack of the most ferocious kind. Now he knew that all the fellows would laugh at him if it turned out, after all, that these gipsies,

with their guns and pistols, were only two or three small town boys, and Bob didn't like to be laughed at. So he thought the best plan was to say nothing more about it, and let the whole thing be forgotten. But the way he put it to himself was, that he was a fine, generous fellow, who denied himself the pleasure of telling a splendid tale for the sake of screening a schoolfellow.

It is not so easy, however, for a schoolboy to keep a secret, and all the forenoon Bob's tongue itched to tell his discovery to Stevens at least. It was such a pity that nobody should know what a sharp fellow he was, and how nobly he had behaved to Winter.

Before long, Bob got another chance of admiring his own conduct. For after dinner he was sent for to Mr. Wyvill's study, a summons which his experience had taught him was generally followed by an interview of an unpleasant nature.

'Hunt,' said Mr. Wyvill, 'a friend of mine was passing along the road in front of the school-house about eleven o'clock last night, and do you know what he saw?'



'No, sir.'

'He saw a boy getting out of one of the dormitory windows by means of a rope.'

Bob made an attempt to look as if that was no matter to him.

'It was your dormitory, Hunt.'

Bob tried to look surprised, but failing utterly, looked out of the window.

'You are the most mischievous boy in that room. If any rule is broken there, I am seldom wrong in fixing upon you as the culprit. Was it you who got out of the window last night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Oh! I suppose it wouldn't be fair of me to ask if any one was with you. But may I inquire what you were doing?'

'I would rather not say, sir.'

'Were you in the town?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, Hunt, I will only ask you one other question, and you will answer me honestly. Were you taking my apples?'

'No, sir,' answered Bob, so readily and frankly

that Mr. Wyvill saw he was speaking the truth. 'I was only playing a little trick. There was no great harm in it, but I can't tell you what it was.'

'Oh, there was no great harm in it, was there not? But I think there is some harm in your going out of your dormitory at night; and you will write me three hundred lines, if you please. Now this must not occur again. Does the rope belong to you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You will give it to me to take charge of for you. And, Hunt, as you are the oldest boy in that room, I shall make you answerable that no one goes out of the windows at night again. The next time I have to speak about such a thing, it will be in a very different way. Do you understand me?'

'Yes, sir.'

Here was a pretty scrape for Bob. He knew that if it were explained to Mr. Wyvill why he had been out of doors the night before, he would probably get off his punishment. But he could not explain without getting Willy into a far worse

scrape, and he had promised. Bob scarcely could make up his mind what to do. He felt half inclined to tell the other fellows about it, knowing that they would make Willy confess, and save him the trouble themselves. But that would be shabby. And then, the gipsies! At length he made up his mind to write the lines without saying a word to any one, and to have the satisfaction of looking upon himself as an injured, slandered, innocent, and highly virtuous individual.

The worst of it was, again, that nobody except Willy would be aware how nobly he was acting. But Willy, he determined, should hear enough of it; and as soon as he could get hold of him alone, he told him what had passed at his interview with Mr. Wyvill. Willy was horrified.

'Oh, I say, Hunt, I never thought you would get into a scrape. You must tell him all about it.'

'Then you'll get into a scrape. No, Winter, I'm not such a sneak. When I make a promise, I keep it,' said Bob very complacently.

'But—'

'Oh, never mind your buts. The only thing to

do is to say nothing more about it. It's all very well when you have got another fellow into a scrape, to say but—'

'But—'

'I'm going to write the lines, and there's an end of it. It will be your own fault if anybody ever knows anything about it.'

'Let me write them for you.'

This idea had struck Bob already; but if he did not write the lines himself, he felt that he would be deprived of all the glory of his unselfishness! Besides he had begun them, so he wouldn't hear of it, and wrote his imposition, and thought himself the finest fellow in the world, and would scarcely condescend to listen to Willy's warm protestations of gratitude.





#### CHAPTER IV.

**B**OB HUNT kept the secret, but Willy wished with all his heart that he had been found out and punished at once. From day to day he lived in dread of the whole thing coming out, and then he was afraid not only of being punished by the master, but of being thought a sneak by all the fellows for not speaking up and getting Hunt out of a scrape. Yet he did not by any means escape punishment. Bob Hunt reasoned that as he had done an imposition for Willy, it was only fair that Willy should do one for him; so the next time he got three hundred lines,—an event which was not long of happening,—he handed them over to Willy, and made him write them.

This was such a very easy way of disposing of punishments, that Bob thought that the experi-

ment should be repeated. A fellow who tried to steal apples, he argued to himself, ought to have a great deal more than three hundred lines; so he made Willy do another imposition for him, and then another, and in fine resolved that it would be right that Willy should do all his impositions for the rest of the half. This was no light task; for though Bob might think himself a very virtuous character, Mr. Wyvill seemed not to be of the same opinion, and scarcely a day passed but our friend got into some mess of which the end always was, 'Write me so many hundred lines,' and then poor Willy knew that this meant so many hours of weary drudgery for him.

Besides, Bob exacted all sorts of other services from Willy. He made him carry home his books every day to the schoolhouse: if he forgot his own books, he insisted on borrowing Willy's; he made Willy his fag, to fetch and carry for him whenever he pleased, and with no other thanks than a cuff or a kick; and if Willy ever seemed inclined to revolt, he brought up that unfortunate secret against him, and told him that a fellow

who stole apples deserved to be knocked about a little. We see Bob persuaded himself that he was acting from a strict sense of justice, but other people would have called it bullying. On the whole, Willy thought it would have been better for him if he had fallen into the hands of Mr. Wyvill.

But the hardest part of it all, was the way that Joe behaved to him. Joe had been very cool towards his cousin since the failure of their little expedition. He was a kind of friend and imitator of Bob Hunt; and now, seeing how that young man hectored Willy, and ordered him about, he thought it was a very fine thing to do the same; and between them, Willy led a dog's life for some time.

I am writing for boys, so I need not explain to them the many ways in which a bigger and stronger boy can make another miserable,—not by any great ill-usage, but by constant and unfeeling annoyances, which perhaps seem very little matters to every one but the subject of them. You who are bullies understand me well enough,

though I don't know if I could make you understand the scorn and abhorrence which I have for you. You who are not, know what I mean also, and I hope you are brave and kind enough to see that no such things are done in your school, wherever it may be. Don't listen to any such unchristian precepts as, 'that fellows must take their chance and get kicked about.' This means that those who can are to kick about others, and those who can't are to have the spirit crushed out of them, and their school life is to be made unhappy. Just think how you would like to be kicked about; and remember, that if God have given you your strength, it is that you may stand up for the weak.

Here is an example of the way in which they treated Willy. Bob Hunt and Joe Winter were walking arm in arm, and called to him. Willy dared not refuse to come.

'Why don't you take off your hat when you come to speak to me?' said Bob. 'You are my servant, don't you know that? and you ought to be very much obliged to me for allowing you to



occupy such an honourable post. Now look here. You know we have all to bring five sums tomorrow morning. I hate doing sums, but I don't like to disoblige Old Y. So, when you have done yours, you will make a copy for me.'

'Oh, Hunt! I can't. I have no end of lessons of my own to do, and an imposition. I don't know how I am ever to get them all finished.'

'But I have two impositions. What a selfish fellow you are! always thinking of yourself. You must do these sums for me.'

'And you must do mine too,' said Joe. 'See that they are right, and not blotted, or I'll give it you.'

'I really can't, Joe. I—'

'Fiddlestick! Don't be cheeky, small boy. What is the use of you, if you won't oblige other fellows?'

'Oh, he'll do it,' said Bob, 'or I think I know a way to make him. Now just you go home and set about it at once.'

So all that evening Willy had to toil away, first at his own lessons, and then at the three

---

sets of sums; and he was so tired, that it was little wonder if he did not do them right.

'That new master of yours is a tyrant,' said his aunt, seeing how weary he was. 'It is nonsense to give you such long lessons.'

Willy knew that it wasn't Mr. Wyvill who was the tyrant, but he durst not tell the truth. Still he felt strongly tempted to tell Bob Hunt of Joe's share in the apple-stealing affair. Joe wouldn't bully him then. But he had promised not to tell, and Joe would be so angry. There was no help for it. He had allowed his cousin to tempt him into that 'jolly lark,' and now the results of it were proving anything but 'jolly' for him. It seemed hard that Joe, who was most to blame, should get off scot-free, and should be unconsciously the means of punishing him.

Ah! Willy, some things seem hard, which are yet of God's mercy. Whom He loveth He chastiseth. Better a thousand times for you that you should learn even now in your youth that the way of transgressors is hard. You must learn this some day; but it will be worse for you if

you learn it when your heart is proud and cold, when you have come to love sin, even though you see its sinfulness, when perhaps it will be too late to turn to God, whose ways, though they seem hard, are pleasantness and peace.

And, Willy, try not to hate Joe and Hunt. They may be unkind and unjust to you, but think what you are saying when you pray, 'Forgive us our sins, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'





## CHAPTER V.

**H**UNT, Winter Primus, and Winter Secundus, come here,' said Mr. Wyvill sternly. 'I find that the sums given up by you three boys are all in one handwriting, and all contain the same mistakes—one or two of them most remarkable ones. This can't be by chance.'

It was not by chance, as we know, and so did the three boys. Willy turned red, Joe tried to look indignant, and Bob Hunt looked foolish.

'Which of you did these sums?'

'Me, sir,' said Willy, after waiting a moment to see if one of the others would speak.

'Oh! Now answer me this: did you do them of your own free will, or were you forced to do them? I think I have heard of such things. Hunt,' continued Mr. Wyvill, as Willy did not speak, 'I will ask the question of you.'

---

'Yes,' said Hunt.

'What does "yes" mean?'

'I made Winter do my sums. It wasn't his fault, sir.'

'Oh! I am glad you have honour enough left to confess it so frankly. You may sit down, Winter Secundus. Well, you two, don't you feel very proud of yourselves? I tell you that I trust to your honour that you will do your exercises honestly, and this is your honesty. You get a small boy, and force him—by threats, I suppose—to do the work that you are too lazy to do. What do you think of yourselves? You don't care to say. Well, I will tell you what I think of you. You are a couple of mean, contemptible bullies. I can't find words strong enough to express my scorn for your conduct. But if I can't trust you, if I must treat you like children, I will take very good care that such a thing does not happen again. You will both stay in for an hour every day this week, and do ten sums. Perhaps that will teach you that dishonesty and tyranny are not the best policy. Go to your seats, and let us see if you have right

feeling enough to look utterly ashamed of yourselves.'

So Joe and Bob slunk back to their seats, looking very much disgusted, if not ashamed, and kept themselves very quiet all the rest of the afternoon ; and Willy was perhaps just as much frightened as they by this outburst from the master, for he was afraid that they would take vengeance on him when they got a chance. And he was not wrong ; for just before the school broke up, he saw his cousin Joe shaking his fist at him with a very meaning expression. Luckily for Willy, Mr. Wyvill saw this too, and understood it.

'Winter Primus, stop behind the other boys,' he said very innocently. 'I wish to speak to you.'

Here was one enemy disposed of ; and as soon as prayers were over, and the word was given to go, Willy lost no time in bolting off. But Bob Hunt was too quick for him. He had not passed through two streets when that redoubtable man of war was in close pursuit at his heels, and in two minutes had caught him up and collared him.

'Well, you little muff, you *have* got us into a nice scrape.'

'I'm sure it wasn't my fault. I didn't tell.'

'It was your fault,' said Bob savagely. He ought to have known very well that Willy was not to blame; but he was so mad at the way Mr. Wyvill had spoken to him before the other boys, that he scarcely knew what he was saying. 'It was your fault; and I think if we set on you and half killed you, it would only serve you right.'

'Oh don't, Hunt! I would have done anything to prevent it.'

'Why didn't you, then? Beast that he is! I'll pay him out for this. What business has he to call me a mean and contemptible bully? Was I bullying you? You know very well that I did an imposition for you; at least it was your fault.'

'Yes, but I have done three times as many impositions for you since that.'

'And you deserved to. If he calls me mean, I wonder what he would call a fellow who goes out at night to steal apples?' said Bob, shaking Willy, and almost throttling him in his wrath. 'Now look

---

here, Winter. There's just one chance for you. Will you do something for me ?'

'What is it ?'

'You go out to-night, and watch till Y. is sitting in his study, and then shy a couple of stones through the window. That will serve him right. Will you ?'

'Oh no !'

'But you must, or I'll tell. You know I could get you into a fine scrape if I liked.'

'I'd rather not ; don't ask me, Hunt. I'll do anything else for you.'

'Why don't you do this ? No one would ever suspect you.'

'Oh ! it would be a shame.'

'Stuff !' said Hunt, giving Willy another shake. 'It would serve him right. I'd like to see how he looks when his window goes smash. Now, won't you do it ?'

'No, Hunt, it wouldn't be right.'

'Right ! My eye !' ejaculated Hunt, letting go his hold. 'Here's a fellow who steals apples setting up to be very good and pious ! That's rich.'



'Oh, Hunt, I wish you knew! It wasn't my fault. I can't tell you. Upon my honour, I—I wish you knew how sorry I was. I knew I was doing wrong, and I made up my mind I would never—'

'Oh yes!' sneered Hunt as Willy stopped, unable to find words to explain himself.

'I have been very unhappy ever since, and you have made me more unhappy, Hunt: you will never let me hear the end of that thing. I wish it had all been found out long ago. I'll tell you what: I'll go to Wyvill and tell him all about it, and tell him about your doing an imposition for me, and ask him to let you off yet, and—'

'You'll do nothing of the kind. I'm not a fellow to let other fellows get into scrapes for me.'

'Well, I don't want you to get into a scrape. I am sorry I ever asked you to keep my secret, and I—I—I'll do anything for you that I can, only I wish you wouldn't ask me to do things like—you know what I mean.'

'You are a queer fellow,' said Bob, and walked off, meditating over what he had just heard.

Now, whether it was that Bob's conscience smote him of its own accord, or that Mr. Wyvill, in a private conversation, succeeded in persuading him that he had behaved badly, I don't know, but it would seem that he came to be of opinion that perhaps he was not such a very fine fellow, after all. At all events, his conduct towards Willy was quite changed from that day.

Next morning, when Willy came in fear and trembling into the schoolyard, Joe made a dash at him, crying, 'Come along, Hunt, and let us give this sneak a good licking.'

But, much to his surprise, Hunt only said:

'Oh, leave him alone!'

'Well, he's not worth the trouble of licking, but I must just give him something to teach him—'

'Shut up, I tell you,' said Hunt. 'I won't have him touched.'

'Why, yesterday, you were vowing all sorts of vengeance against him.'

'Well, that's my business. You leave him alone, or I'll make you.'

And Joe didn't wait to be made, though I am

afraid he resolved to take it out of Willy another time. He couldn't understand why Bob went through his punishment as good-humouredly as might be, without any further grumbling, and why he always afterwards treated Willy more friendly, and never made him do his impositions, or bullied him in any way. But we know, or at least we ought to be able to guess.

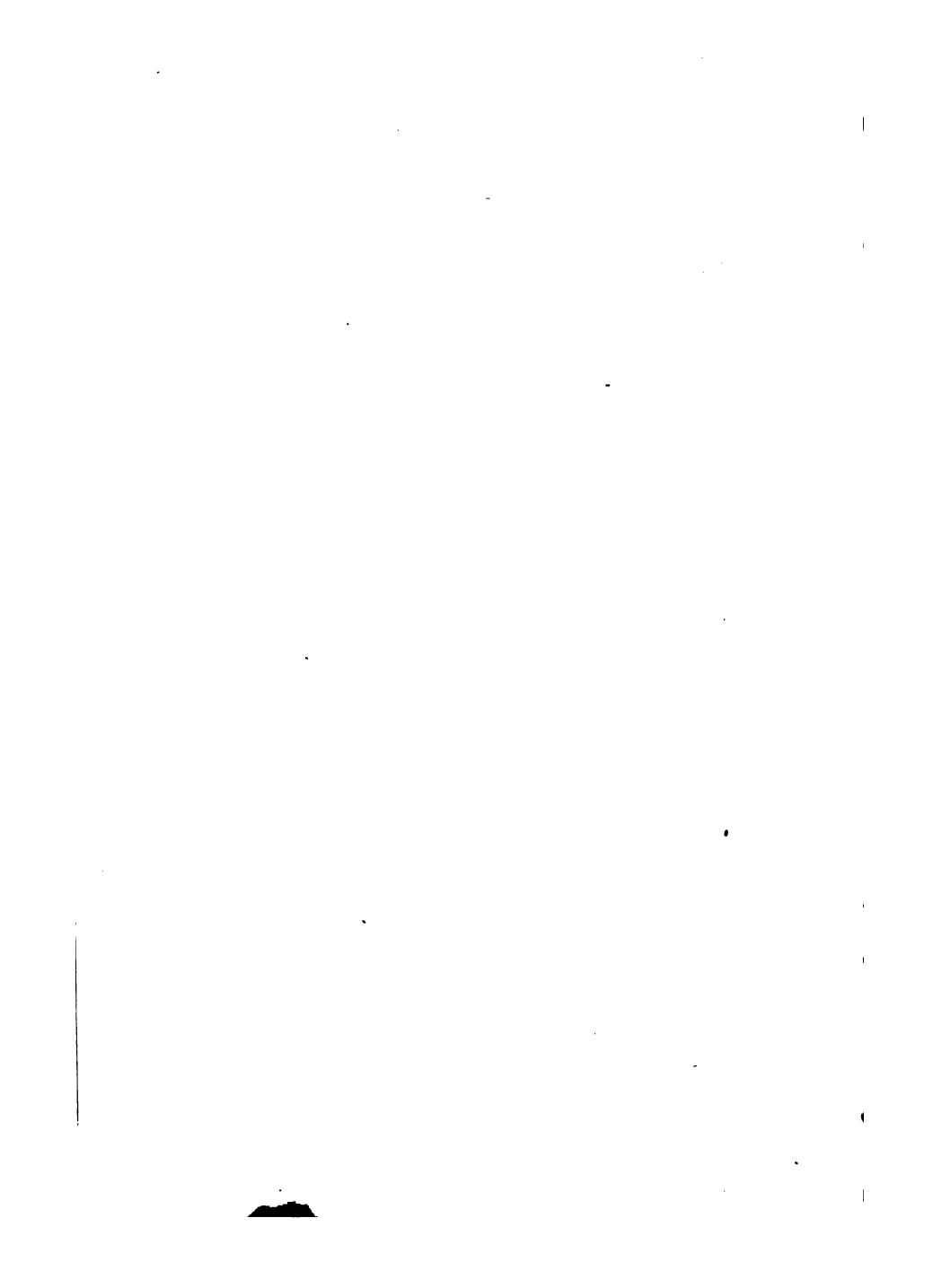
Now, isn't this a strange and unsatisfactory end to a story? I daresay you have been expecting that everything was to be discovered, and come right; that Bob Hunt and Willy were to fall weeping into one another's arms; that Mr. Wyvill was graciously to pardon them both, after hearing their confessions; and then, that everybody was to turn round and pitch into Joe, who certainly hasn't got his deserts as yet. Perhaps, too, you think that a quarrel and a fight between Joe and Bob would be a very fitting finale. If so, you wouldn't find Joe disposed to agree with you.

It was not so, however; only you and I know the whole truth of the story. Joe didn't know that Bob Hunt had found out Willy's secret; Bob

didn't know that it was Joe who had tempted him to steal the apples; Mr. Wyvill didn't know why Bob went out at night into the garden; none of the other boys knew that he had been punished for it, and the gipsies didn't know what they had been suspected of: so things didn't come straight at all.

The fact is, that things don't always come straight in real life. People try to do right, and seem to be unfortunate; other people do wrong, and think they are lucky. Punishments sometimes fall on the wrong shoulders, and miss the right ones. But, for all that, we may be sure that to do right is always better than to do wrong; and though it may appear a strange thing to say, if we do wrong, the best thing that can happen to us is to be found out.







## THE BOY WHO WOULD BE UNHAPPY.

---

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HE holidays will be back again before we know where we are.'

But James Davidson was not cheered up by this remark, for he was going back to Whitminster grammar school, and he had made up his mind to be unhappy about it. His father, who was leaning on the carriage door till the train started, was sorry to part with him; but he was talking cheerfully, in the vain attempt to keep up his son's spirits. James was distressing him still more by looking very dull and gloomy. Not crying, for James was not one of those boys who go off with a good cry over any trouble and have done with it.

But he was looking very unhappy, though. After all, it was no very great trouble for him to go away from home. He was at a good school, and did not dislike it. But, as I said before, James had made up his mind to be unhappy.

‘Come, James, don’t be so mournful over it,’ said his father. ‘I heard you saying the other day that you were tired of the holidays. I am sure you ought to be glad to get back to school and all your friends; and then, you know, mamma and I are coming to see you soon.’

But not a bit more cheerful would James look, and he only muttered :

‘I don’t like school.’

‘Then, my dear boy, you must try to like it. You can’t expect to stay at home and be idle all your life. Everybody must work in this world; and boys must work at school, that they may grow up to be wise and good men. And, let me tell you, the work you have to do at school, and the troubles you meet with there, are nothing to what you will have to go through when you are a man. I know I should like to be a schoolboy again, and in twenty

years, if you live so long, I daresay you will wish the same thing. Our schoolboy days are the happiest time of our life, if we only knew it.'

But James thought he knew better, and wouldn't believe that his father was right about this. Indeed very few boys do, till they grow up and find it out for themselves.

But now the bell rang, the engine gave a whistle, a puff, and a snort, to announce that it was going to move off, and Mr. Davidson had only time to shake hands with his son, and to say, 'Good-bye, James. Be a good boy, and get a prize, and remember to write home soon.'

Then the train was off, and James settled himself snugly into his seat, and prepared for the comfortable enjoyment of a little quiet misery, which some people think a very pleasant thing. In Shakspeare's *King John*, the little Prince Arthur says :

'I do remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.'

James was one of these young gentlemen. He knew it was not right of him to make himself un-



happy, and he knew he had not much cause to do so. The town where he was at school was at no great distance from his home, and his father and mother often came to see him there; so he was much better off in that respect than boys at the same school whose parents lived hundreds of miles away, perhaps even in India or Australia, and never saw their children for years. He lived with one of the masters, who did all he could to make his boarders happy and comfortable. He had plenty of friends at school, whom he would be glad to see again, and with whom he could play at all sorts of jolly games which he could not do at home, where he had scarcely any companions. His lessons were not very hard. He had more holidays than many schoolboys. He had ten shillings in his pocket, and a cake in his box, not to speak of sundry pots of jam, a new cricket bat, a knife with six blades, and other articles conducive to boyish bliss. Altogether, James was not ill off, and he knew it; but he was determined to look on the black side of things, and be unhappy.

It was so cruel of his father to send him to school,

he thought. What tyrants the masters were, who punished him when he did not learn his lessons, or misbehaved in form! How unkind the boys were, who laughed at him when he sulked, which, I am sorry to say, James sometimes did! How conceited the fellows were who were higher in the school than he! How ill-used he was by everybody! Why couldn't he stay at home, and do just what he liked, and have marmalade every morning for breakfast?

While he was engaged in this pleasing kind of reflection, the train stopped at a station, and a lady and gentleman came into the carriage with a boy a little younger than James. A jolly, rosy little fellow he was, with a broad face always on the grin, and long yellow hair that was continually tumbling over his eyes. It was not long before James discovered that this boy was going to the same school as himself, for he was always asking his father such questions as:

'How many boys are there at the grammar school?' or, 'Papa, do you think I'll get a prize at the grammar school?'

'That depends on whether you deserve one,

Charley,' said his father. 'Take care you don't get a prize at the wrong end. Do you know what that is?'

'Oh, I know,' cried Charley, going through an expressive pantomime, in which he held out his open hand as if to let some invisible object fall on it, and then quickly drew it back and rubbed it on his trousers with comic groans and grimaces. 'But I say, dad, do you think the boys at the grammar school play at games?'

'I should think they would be very unlike other boys if they didn't.'

'Oh! that will be jolly.'

'I remember once seeing the grammar school playground,' said his mother, 'and I should think it would be just the place for you to enjoy yourself in, Charley. You might make as much noise as you liked without disturbing any one.'

'Hurrah!' screamed Charley at the pitch of his voice, at the same time butting with his head against the other side of the carriage, so full of excitement was he at the prospect which was making James so unhappy.





"Having had his attention called to James, he took a long stare at him for several minutes, crunching an apple all the time."—STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 91.

‘Charley!’ said his mother reprovingly, casting a glance at James, as if to hint that he should restrain his spirits before a stranger.

‘Well, mamma, I can’t help it. I *must* make a noise,’ whispered Charley; and then, having had his attention called to James, he took a long stare at him for several minutes, crunching an apple all the time. Seeing that James was a schoolboy, he wished to make his acquaintance, and made the first advance towards it by offering him an apple.

But James did not appreciate this desire to be friendly. In his gloomy mood, the other boy’s high spirits quite displeased him, and he said ‘No, thank you’ in a very ungracious tone, and turned away to look out of the window. He felt almost angry at this boy for being so happy.

At length the train reached Whitminster. It was setting in for a dark, damp, misty evening; and as James got into a fly and drove away to Mr. Dalton’s house, where he boarded, he felt no happier, and made up his mind that everything looked dull and cheerless, which things seldom do to a boy’s eyes.

When he arrived at Mr. Dalton's, the driver had scarcely had time to ring the bell, before another fly came rattling up behind, and stopped at the same house, and who should get out of it but his fellow-travellers! So that noisy, fidgety boy, Charley, was also going to board at Mr. Dalton's. Mr. Dalton himself appeared at the door just then, and showed the whole party into the drawing-room, while all the notice he took of James was to give him a hurried shake of the hand and say, 'Glad to see you back, Davidson.'

James thought proper to suppose himself ill-used by this scanty greeting. He never considered that Mr. Dalton had to pay attention to the strangers, and that he himself, having been in the house before, knew very well where to go to. When he had paid for the fly, he stood in the lobby for a minute or two to see if any one was going to take notice of him; and finding that no one did, instead of going into the dining-room, through the open door of which he saw a cheerful blaze of light, and heard the merry laughter of the other boys, he strutted up-

stairs, and shut himself up into his own little room in a pect, and made himself even more unhappy than before.

He heard the street door shut when the strangers went away, and the noise the boys made running up-stairs to wash their hands for tea; and he almost thought he could hear Mr. Dalton's voice asking for him. Presently came a knock at the door, and then the voice of one of the servants:

'Master Davidson, tea's ready, if you please.' James did not condescend to give any answer, so she opened the door and looked in.

'Go away. What do you want?'

'Mr. Dalton sent me up to tell you to come down to tea.'

'I don't want any tea,' said James sulkily, and she went away.

But in a little there was a heavier footstep in the passage, and Mr. Dalton himself looked into the room.

'Why won't you come down to tea? What's the matter, Davidson?'



'Don't want any.'

'Are you ill?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you had anything to eat since you left home?'

'No, sir.'

'Then you had better have something now. Come along,' said Mr. Dalton, who knew James's temper, and began to suspect what was the true state of the case.

'I'm not hungry, sir,' persisted James.

'Do what you're told,' said Mr. Dalton; and James, not daring to disobey, followed him to the dining-room, and sat down at the tea-table with the other boys. But though you may lead a horse to the water, or a boy to the tea-table, you cannot always make him eat or drink. James would touch nothing, but sat looking very glum, with his eyes fixed on his plate.

After tea the boarders went up-stairs to the schoolroom to chat together; but James had worked himself up into such a state of misery, that he really felt, or seemed to feel, unwell,

---

which he made an excuse for slipping away to his room and going to bed, where he soon fell asleep, after duly assuring himself that he was a most unhappy and ill-used individual.





## CHAPTER II.

**N**EXT morning, when James awoke, he had almost forgotten his sulkiness. He was eager to meet his friends at school, whom, of course, he had not seen since the beginning of the holidays. So he jumped up cheerfully, in spite of the cold, dark morning, dressed himself, and was running down-stairs to the dining-room, where the boarders always assembled before breakfast, when suddenly he remembered that he had intended to be unhappy; and instead of shaking off this foolish feeling, he stopped in the middle of the tune he was whistling, and entered the dining-room with such a long and dolorous face, that the other boys immediately began to tease him about it.

‘Hallo, Davidson! what’s the row with you?’ cried one; ‘you are looking as mournful as a crow with a cold in its head.’

'I know,' laughed another; 'he has been eating too much plumpudding at home. Mary, bring out the castor-oil!'

The housemaid, who was laying out the breakfast table, grinned, and James felt very angry. He wanted to be sympathized with, not to be ridiculed. So, answering the boys' jokes with a peevish 'Can't you be quiet?' he turned away, and amused himself by flattening his nose against the frosty panes.

Presently Mr. Dalton appeared and read prayers, and then came breakfast. There was no stint of bread and butter and tea; and boys, who seldom have, and never ought to have, fastidious tastes, don't need anything more. The other boarders fell to with a will, and soon made the piles of bread and butter grow lower and lower. But James chose to be discontented because there was no ham, nor toast, nor other little luxuries which he had at his father's house. So he scarcely ate anything, and, besides, tried to put on such an expression of scorn and disgust over the thick bread and butter, that Mr. Dalton noticed it,

and was very nearly sending him away from the table.

Charley Wilde, the new boarder, was sitting among the other boys, evidently highly delighted with them, though much in awe of Mr. Dalton. After breakfast, as the boys were rushing off to get ready for school, Mr. Dalton called James back, and introduced him to Charley.

‘I daresay you two have made acquaintance already. However,’ he said, ‘will you take him down to the school and look after him?’

Of course James had to say ‘Yes, sir;’ but as he ran up-stairs he grumbled, ‘What right has he to make me a nurse to all the new fellows?’

As James was in such an unamiable mood, it may be imagined that Charley had not a very pleasant companion on his way to school. He rattled on incessantly, asking all manner of questions about the school, the games, the boys, and the masters; but when he found that he could get nothing but short, gruff answers, he gave it up in despair, and began to think James a very

disagreeable fellow, and to hope that there were not many of the boys like him.

They had scarcely passed through the gate of the grammar school, and Charley was lost in wonder at the size of the quaint old building and the crowd of boys in the playground, when James received a salutation from one of his friends in the shape of a hard tennis ball, which hit him on the arm, and made him start and cry out 'Oh!' Turning round he saw the boy who had thrown it, by name Weston, grinning and chuckling over his successful shot. James's first impulse was to laugh, catch up the ball and throw it back, which was, of course, what Weston meant him to do; for he immediately ran and took refuge behind a tree, and kept bobbing out from behind it, as if to give James a chance for a shot at him. But on seeing this, and feeling the smart of the ball, James thought proper to be highly offended, and walked off, looking very cross. This wasn't at all what Weston wanted; so, having picked up his ball, he ran after James, crying:

'I say, Davidson, come on and have a game at dumps. Let's get up a side.'

'I don't want to play,' said James, walking on faster; and Weston, after indulging in a series of grimaces expressive of surprise, betook himself back to his lurking-place, to repeat the same trick on the next of his friends who should arrive.

This little incident did not improve James's temper; and instead of rushing off to greet his class-fellows, and to introduce Charley to them, he stalked about desolate corners of the playground, followed by Charley, who stuck to him because he didn't know where else to go to, though he cast many wistful looks at the game of dumps, which Weston managed to get up without James's help.

This game of 'dumps,' which is known in another part of Her Majesty's dominions by the equally euphonious name of 'bump-it-about,' is a simple but exciting one. Two parties of boys shy at or 'dump' each other with a hard ball about the size of an orange, and of course it is the object of every player to get hold of this ball, so as to be able to dump one of the opposite side. A good dump from a scientifically-made ball is no joke; so, as the timid are always running out of the

road, and the brave are always pushing into the thick of the *melée*, and trying to draw the fire of the enemy upon themselves, there is a good deal of scudding about and boisterous fun in the game. Charley was quite delighted with it, and looked so appealingly at James, that his conscience began to reprove him for his sulkiness. He felt that he ought to explain the game to the new boy, and ask the other fellows to let them play. But it was too late now, for the bell began to ring, and the boys had to go into school.

This being the first day of regular work, and no lessons having been given out to be learned, there was a good deal of confusion in the schoolrooms, of which some boys took advantage to talk and fidget, and play tricks rather more than usual. James found himself sitting next Weston, and having managed to get over their little quarrel, began a long whispered conversation with him about their doings in the holidays. Mr. Williamson, the master of their form, noticed this, and warned them several times, but without effect. At length he lost patience, and exclaimed:



‘I can’t have all this chattering! You boys’ tongues have been going all the holidays, I suppose, and you don’t seem able to stop them now. But there must be an end of it. I shall cane the next boy that I catch talking. Now!’


Generally, such a warning never failed to take effect, but this time the boys did not believe that Mr. Williamson was in earnest. It was very unusual for the masters to punish on the first day after the holidays; so, in a minute or two, they went on, being as restless and talkative as before. But presently Mr. Williamson caught Weston and James whispering, and, shutting up his book with a bang, called them up to his desk and took out his cane.

‘I promised to thrash the first boy that I caught. Come along, Weston.’

‘Please, sir, first day,’ objected Weston with a grin.

‘Well, on the first day I intend to show you how you are to behave on all other days. Hold out your hand.’

Weston held out his hand, half laughing and



half looking grave, as the serious nature of the occasion demanded. The master made a pretence of giving him three or four hard cuts, which in reality did not hurt much, for on the first day he did not wish to be severe. So, when it was over, Weston had no difficulty in making a great display of fortitude, as he walked back to his seat, by grinning at his class-fellows, who were, of course, watching the ceremony with much approval and satisfaction.

‘Now, Davidson!’

James held out his hand in such a sulky, defiant manner, that Mr. Williamson was provoked into giving him several smart cuts, which made him bite his lips and ‘look ugly,’ as Weston afterwards told him.

‘Now go to your seats,’ said Mr. Williamson. ‘Oh yes, Mr. Weston! it’s all very well for you to make faces, and say you didn’t care; but if you want any more you’ll get it, and you shall care next time!’

At this all the boys laughed: boys always laugh when their masters condescend to be funny; and

the whole affair was looked upon as a sort of a joke by every one except James, who sat scowling as if Mr. Williamson had done him some great injury ; and immediately began to talk to Weston again, to show that he did not care. Mr. Williamson saw them, and this time spoke much more sharply.

‘Have these two donkeys not done hee-hawing yet? Get up on your hind legs,’ he cried, motioning them to stand up on the form ; which they did, amid the laughter of the whole class.

This was to Weston even a greater joke than being licked ; for not only could he look out at the window from his elevated position, but he was an object of general observation, and could amuse himself by making faces at the other boys, and then staring steadily at his book, whenever Mr. Williamson turned towards him. But James was made more sulky by this punishment, which he had brought on himself. Williamson was an unbearable tyrant, he thought. He would write home and threaten to run off to sea if he wasn’t taken away from school. He would tell Williamson that he wasn’t going to stand this again. This

and a great deal more nonsense came into his angry mind, and he resolved to be unhappier than ever about it, instead of honestly confessing to himself that he had been in the wrong, and bearing patiently the punishment he had deserved. However, he had not much time to spend in his disagreeable position, for the play-hour came, and the form was dismissed.

Now would have been the time for James to have plunged into a good hearty game, and worked off all his bad temper. But instead of doing so, the poor boy betook himself to a quiet corner of the playground to brood over his unhappiness in solitude, and there watched the games of his companions with no friendly eye, feeling quite angry with them for being happy. Presently, up runs Charley Wilde, his eyes and cheeks glowing with excitement. Some of the other boarders at Mr. Dalton's had got hold of him, and taken him off to join in a rattling game of dumps.

'Oh! Davidson, won't you come and play?' he gasped out, catching James by the arm, and pulling him away. 'It's such *awful* fun!'

‘Leave me alone,’ said James gruffly, shaking him off.

Charley looked surprised, but said nothing ; and James moved off to another part of the playground. But here he found he was molested by so many boys, and balls, and shouts, and scrambles, that he sought for peace and loneliness in a baker’s shop which is close to the grammar school, and there he ate so many tarts and cakes that he put his stomach out of order ; and that is quite enough of itself to make any one unhappy. Let me ask my readers to remember this, especially about Christmas-time.





### CHAPTER III.

**A**LL day long, James continued in the same frame of mind, and when in the evening he sat down to do his lessons in the schoolroom at Mr. Dalton's, he fancied himself the most unhappy creature upon earth. His lessons never seemed so hard and wearisome. There were Virgil and Greek Grammar to be got through, besides Euclid and French, and four formidable-looking pages of Ancient History. Here was another chance for him to have shaken off his foolish feelings. He should have set to his lessons with a will, and thought about nothing else till they were finished, and then I am very much mistaken if he would not have felt happy, as everybody does who has bravely and perseveringly got through any disagreeable duty. But no; he wasted half his time in thinking how difficult his

lessons were, instead of trying to make them easier by applying himself to them vigorously ; and a great part of the other half he spent in yawning, groaning, and staring about him. Mr. Dalton noticed this, and spoke to him sharply about it ; but reproof only made him more sulky, and he got on no faster. So it was not surprising that when the other boys had all finished and gone out of the room, James was left alone over his little pile of books.

‘ Well, Davidson, one would think you had been sitting here long enough,’ said Mr. Dalton. ‘ If you had taken my advice, and attended to your books instead of staring about you, your lessons would have been learned long ago. They can’t be very difficult to-night. At all events they *must* be learned ; so go on, and don’t keep yourself and me waiting longer than you can help.’ And he took up a book and began to read.

James knew that Mr. Dalton was in earnest, and at length began to apply himself to his books. But he was now in such an unpleasant frame of mind, that he could not fix his attention on them ;

and when he went up to Mr. Dalton to be heard, he stammered, blundered, and broke down entirely. Mr. Dalton handed him back the book, with—

‘These lessons *must* be learned perfectly. I can wait.’

James was in deep despair, and felt furious at Mr. Dalton, who seemed so tyrannous, but who, if he had only known it, was at that very moment pitying his troubles, and longing to be able to help him, if he could have done it without encouraging him to be idle. It is a mistake boys make, to suppose that their masters are wilfully harsh and severe. They little know how much it pains a kind and conscientious master to punish them. Ah! boys, you may dislike your teacher while you are boys; but when you are grown up to be men, if you will only think honestly of the care and labour and kindness which he may have bestowed upon you, you will perhaps feel grateful to him.

So thought Mr. Dalton, with a sigh, as he waited to hear James repeat his lessons. He saw that the boy was by this time in no fit state to



learn, and he had almost given way to compassion, and told him to leave his lessons undone, if he had not felt it to be right that his idleness should be punished.

Presently Mr. Dalton heard a sob, and hastily looking up, saw James leaning over the table with his face buried in his arms.

‘My dear boy, what is the matter with you?’ said he, going up and laying his hand on James’s shoulder.

James’s only answer was to burst into a flood of tears; and Mr. Dalton seeing how agitated he was, waited till he became a little more composed, and then repeated his question:

‘What is making you cry? Is it your lessons?’

‘No.’

‘What then?’

‘I’m so unhappy,’ mumbled James.

‘Unhappy! What about?’ said Mr. Dalton; but James gave no answer, and again began to cry.

‘I wish you would tell me what is the matter. Have any of the other boys been teasing you?’

‘No, sir.’

---

'Do you think any of the masters have been unjust to you?'

'No, sir,' said James hesitatingly.

'Is there anything in my house which makes you unhappy?'

'No, sir.'

'What is it, then?'

'I don't know.'

Mr. Dalton frowned, bit his lip, and took two or three turns up and down the room; then he stopped, and said, 'James, this is silly. You talk about being unhappy, and you don't know what makes you unhappy. I think I know, though. It is a disagreeable, sullen temper, which I have often been very sorry to observe in you, and which, if you indulge it, will make you very often unhappy. Am I right?'

James could not look Mr. Dalton in the face. He knew he was right.

'Listen to me, James: who makes us unhappy?'

'God,' said James in a low voice. He did not in the least know what he meant by saying this; but, as many other boys would have done, hear-

ing Mr. Dalton speak in a grave tone, he thought this was the proper answer.

‘No,’ said Mr. Dalton earnestly; ‘God may sometimes see fit for our own good to send us sorrow, but it is we ourselves who are the cause of most of our unhappiness. If we are idle, or disobedient, or bad-tempered, we bring unhappiness on ourselves; and I suspect this is your case. You have been trying to be unhappy, haven’t you? You have been sulking over fancied insults or injuries—little matters that most boys would have laughed over?’

He saw from James’s shamefaced look, that he had hit the true cause of his woes.

‘This is foolish, James. When you grow up to be a man, and know what it is to have real troubles, you will see how silly it is to create imaginary ones. I wish you knew how much it troubles me to see you idle and sullen!’

Still James said nothing, but looked down on the table, and scribbled on it with his pencil. So Mr. Dalton went on:

‘It is worse than foolish; it is wicked. God

intends us to be happy in this world. He has done much to make us happy, and it is very wrong of us to try and make ourselves unhappy without cause. We should always try to be happy—holy, happy, and healthy. I'm sure I don't understand how a boy like you can be unhappy. You have not too many lessons to do—just enough to make you enjoy your play. You have plenty of companions to play with, and they like you well enough, I think, except when you get into one of your nasty tempers, when, of course you will find everybody keep clear of you. You have kind parents to provide you with everything you want. You have a comfortable home, food and clothes, while so many boys of your age are shivering with cold, or starving with hunger. Oh James, isn't it wrong of you to be unhappy? Isn't it ungrateful towards the Giver of all happiness, who has been so good to you?'

James's lips were quivering, and his eyes full of tears. He did not say anything, but Mr. Dalton knew that boys think often when they don't speak, and hoped that what he had said would not be

thrown away. So, in a minute or two, he told James that he might put away his books.

‘I daresay your mind is in such a jumbled state, that you wouldn’t do much good at them to-night. You can go to bed now, and I will waken you a little earlier than usual to-morrow, and we will have another look at them. Good night.

‘And,’ said Mr. Dalton, holding James’s hand, and detaining him a moment, ‘think over what I have been saying to you. Try not to allow yourself to be troubled about nothing, but to be cheerful and industrious and obedient, and then you will be happy. That’s my advice to you; I hope, for your own sake, you will take it.’

‘Good night, sir,’ said James, and went to bed without saying anything more, thinking a good deal nevertheless, for boys can think sometimes.

Now I daresay my readers will be wondering if James did take Mr. Dalton’s good advice. All I can say is, that if he hasn’t done so, he must be a very foolish boy, and is passing a most miserable life.



## THE MUFF.



### CHAPTER I.



ONCE upon a time there was a certain Dr. Bowles who kept a school at Harstone, in Devonshire. This Dr. Bowles was a kind-hearted man, but very pompous, and fond of using tremendously long words, which made his pupils look up to him with great awe. Among these pupils were three boys, named Robert Pratt, Frank Lucas, and Edwyn Willoughby. You shall find out for yourselves what sort of fellows the first two were, but I may tell you that Willoughby was called by some of his schoolfellows a 'muff,' because he was a quiet boy, who tried to obey his masters and learn his lessons.

One afternoon Dr. Bowles ascended into his desk and delivered the following oration :

‘I am fully persuaded of the truth of the adage which asserts that a continuity of labour unrelieved by periods of relaxation has a tendency to blunt or otherwise impair the faculties of youth ; in other words, I hold that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I am therefore disposed, if you have no objection, to omit the studies appointed for the rest of to-day, and to allow you to indulge yourselves in what are, I am afraid, more congenial occupations. This will be a whole holiday. I trust that you will, in return for this indulgence, be particularly careful to remember the rules which I have laid down for your observance on such occasions. You may now replace your books, and follow your several inclinations till tea-time, when Mrs. Bowles requests me to state that jam and cake will be provided in honour of—ahem!—in fact, of my natal day. This is my birthday, gentlemen.’

Of course the boys had no objection to a half-holiday, or if they had, they assumed, out of compliment to the Doctor, an appearance of the most

lively satisfaction. They gave three cheers for Dr. Bowles, and three for Mrs. Bowles, and three more for the cake, and then off they went in different directions to enjoy the fine summer afternoon.

It was voted too hot for cricket, and most of the boys went to bathe. After a dip in the sea, the three whom I mentioned were sitting beneath the cliffs, talking together.

‘I wish one of you fellows would suggest some fun,’ said Frank Lucas, yawning. ‘I do believe I shall go to sleep if we lie here much longer doing nothing.’

‘Suppose you go back to school, and read a few chapters of Cæsar for your own amusement,’ suggested Willoughby.

‘Thank you,’ answered Frank ironically. ‘I say, Pratt, can’t you think of anything more congenial to my versatile disposition, as Old Bowles would say?’

‘Well, who votes to go on to the island?’ said Pratt; ‘I daresay we shall find a lot of anemones.’

‘The island’ was a large rock just before them, which was connected with the shore by a chain of low rocks, but at high tide was completely covered by the sea.



‘Why, Dr. Bowles told us not to go there,’ said Edwyn Willoughby.

‘Oh! that’s no matter. It would be no harm—only a lark. Come, Frank, you don’t care about what the Doctor says.’

‘Will you come, Willoughby, if I go?’

‘No, I don’t think we ought to.’

‘Oh, bother!’ cried Frank. ‘Just let me argue the case with you. Firstly, we should have jolly fun; secondly, we should do Old B. no harm; thirdly, he ought not to have told us not to go—’

‘And fourthly,’ remarked Pratt, ‘he will never know anything about it.’

‘But he trusts to our honour that we won’t go. He told us so, and I’m not going to deceive him.’

‘Aren’t you? Then I am. Come along, Frank.’

‘Now, Willoughby, don’t be stupid. We have a perfect right to go on the island if we like, for I’m sure there’s no danger, and the Doctor must have been dreaming when he told us not to.’

‘Only muffs mind what the Doctor says,’ remarked Pratt.

‘Then I’m a muff,’ answered Willoughby.

‘Come on, come on, Lucas,’ cried Pratt impatiently. ‘Leave him if he won’t come. If you are afraid, too, I am going by myself.’

‘I’m not afraid ; I’ll go with you.’

‘Well, I shall walk to Donbury,’ said Willoughby. ‘Take care you are not caught by the tide ; it is coming in now.’

‘Oh, no fear !’ cried Frank gaily.

Then Willoughby turned and walked away along the shore, while Pratt and Frank began picking their steps on the narrow and slippery ledge of rocks which led to the island ; and when they had arrived there, they set to work searching for anemones and sea-urchins. Most schoolboys take a great delight in dabbling about among beds of seaweed and pools of salt water, and our friends formed no exception to the rule. After a couple of hours, tired of this employment, they sat down with their backs to the shore, and gazed upon the sea and the splendid cliffs of Torbay.

‘This is jolly now !’ cried Frank ; ‘I wish Willoughby had come with us.’

‘Bother take him! I wonder you would have anything to say to such a sneak.’

‘Oh! he’s not such a bad fellow when you come to know him,’ answered Frank.

‘All the fellows say he’s a regular coward: he won’t fight, or have any fun. I wouldn’t be a coward for anything.’

‘Nor would I,’ answered Frank from the bottom of his heart.

‘He is a favourite with all the masters,’ said Pratt, who certainly was not a favourite with any of them. ‘That’s because he is such a good little boy, and does everything they tell him. I hope he won’t go and tell about us coming out to the island.’

‘Oh no! I don’t believe he’s so bad as that.’

‘I don’t know; he’s sneakish enough to do anything. When we get back to school, we must go and threaten to give him a good licking if he tells, and that will shut his mouth. I say, we should catch it, and no mistake, if Old B. knew that we had come out here.’

‘By-the-bye, talking about Old B. reminds me

that I have an imposition to do for him, and I want to do it before tea ; so we had better be moving.'

The two boys then rose, and went back over the island, now considerably reduced in size by the rapidly advancing tide.

'Look, Pratt, how black it is over towards Teignmouth. There will be a precious blow this evening, or I am very much mistaken. I shouldn't like to be at sea. Look how rough the waves are getting already ; and here comes the rain !'

'We had better make haste, or we shall get caught in it. Let us cut over as fast as we can.'

'All right. The rocks are somewhere round here. We can get home in half an hour if we look sharp ; the rain will not— Hallo ! I say, look here.'

Frank might well be startled. The ledge of rocks by which they had crossed was now nowhere to be seen. The rising tide had covered it while the boys had been sitting on the other side of the island.

'The rocks are gone ! how are we to get on shore ?' cried Pratt in alarm.

‘The best way we can. We are regularly shut off. Can you swim?’

‘Oh no! what shall we do? At high tide the island is all covered. Oh Frank! we shall be drowned.’

‘Well, shut up that row for the present. Let us consider—’

‘Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do?’

‘What are you blubbering about? Let us see how long it will be before the island is covered. We can stay here quite safe for at least two hours, I should think; so what we have to do, is to get somebody on shore to see us, and send off a boat, if we can.’

But though both boys looked eagerly as far as they could see along the coast, no one was in sight; and even Frank, though still quite cool, began to look grave—a very unusual thing for him.

‘I wish we had taken Willoughby’s advice,’ he said; ‘he was right, and we were wrong.’

‘So do I,’ sobbed Pratt, with a look of despair at the shore. ‘Oh Frank, Frank, don’t go away! stand still; don’t leave me; I am so frightened!’

'You don't need to tell me that,' said Frank a little contemptuously; and for a few minutes both boys were silent, till suddenly Frank gave a start, and cried:

'Look! there's Willoughby coming round the corner of the cliff. Wave your handkerchief. Cry to him. Willoughby! He's looking; he sees us. No; yes, he does. If he can only get a boat!'

'Oh, surely there is a boat somewhere near,' cried Pratt, who was as pale as a sheet.

'All right; he is running along to get out Mr. Trevor's boat. If he can only row it across—'

'Of course he can. You don't think he can't, do you?' said Pratt.

Frank shook his head.

'The sea is very rough, and Willoughby can only row a little. But he has got the boat out, and here he comes!'

The two boys anxiously watched the boat coming slowly towards them. Nearer and nearer it came, though evidently rowed by an unskilled hand, until it was only a few yards or so from where they stood.

‘Go back, Edwyn!’ cried Frank; ‘you will be upset or dashed against the rock. Never mind us.’

Willoughby shook his head, and redoubled his exertions.

‘Come on, come on,’ cried Pratt, ‘you are close by us. Pull hard, Willoughby!’

Nearer still came the boat, and the boys’ hearts beat fast as they saw it struck by wave after wave, and almost swamped several times. But it came on slowly and surely, and at length touched the rock. Pratt and Frank, leaping into it, seized the oars from Willoughby, and, without waiting a moment, set off for the shore. As they were both accustomed to rowing, and had stronger arms than Willoughby, a minute or two sufficed to take them to the beach, and then, jumping out, they drew up the boat.

‘Oh Edwin, how plucky it was of you—’ Frank began, when this was done; but Edwyn interrupted him by saying, laughingly:

‘You should have taken my advice, you see, and then there would have been no danger either to you or to me.’

‘I wish we had taken it,’ protested Frank; ‘I’m sure we will take it another time.’

‘Well, my advice now is, that we get home as fast as we can, and change our clothes.’

They were all wet to the skin, both from the spray of the waves and from the rain, which had now begun to fall heavily.

‘Ah, what a scrape we shall be in!’ sighed Pratt, as they turned and began to go towards Harstone. ‘The Doctor is sure to hear about it somehow or other; and then you will be praised up to the skies, Willoughby, but we shall catch it for disobeying his orders.’

‘Well, that was our look-out when we went on the island,’ said Frank emphatically.

‘I’m sure I would rather not be praised up to the skies,’ said Willoughby. ‘I don’t see the use of telling anybody about it at all.’

‘Don’t you?’ said Pratt eagerly. ‘That’s a brick! We’ll keep it all a secret.’

‘Oh yes, of course we’ll keep it a secret. But I say, Willoughby, you are an awfully good fellow. I tell you what, if you promise not to tell about



us, I'll promise not to disobey Old B. again, if I can help it. I'll do anything you like to ask me after this, and so will Pratt.'

'Oh, come on,' said Pratt; 'it's pouring cats and dogs. Let us run.'

So away they went as hard as they could, splashing through the thick mud, which is only found in perfection upon Devonshire roads, and never stopped until they reached the school gate.

'Now,' said Pratt, as they were going in, 'it's understood that we are not to say anything to anybody about what has happened.'

'Well, if you wish,' said Frank; 'but I don't half like it. Why can't we tell the other fellows? I hate hiding things in that way.'

But things are not always hid, as we shall see presently.





## CHAPTER II.

**N**EXT morning Frank Lucas had a bad cold, and Dr. Bowles was in a bad humour. We all know how Frank had caught his cold, though Mrs. Bowles did not, or perhaps she might not have been so liberal of her black currant jam. As for the worthy Doctor's fit of ill temper, which with him never lasted long, there were several reasons for it. In the first place, the cat had been accidentally shut into his study, and had made woful havoc on his writing table, upsetting the ink bottle, and disarranging all his papers; in the second place, his matutinal coffee had been cold; and, lastly, one of his boys had taken cold, and was obliged to lie in bed, which was almost a crime in the Doctor's eyes. A boy might take cold in the holidays,—they were made for nothing better; but, in his opinion, it

was frivolous to waste on gruel and senna tea the time which might be applied with so much more advantage to the study of Virgil and Euclid. Dr. Bowles was not a habitually ill-tempered man, but on this particular day he was certainly in no very good humour.

In the course of the morning lessons the Doctor was not at all mollified by finding that the first class was very badly prepared. He had just finished fulminating against an unfortunate youth who had broken down over a most beautiful passage in the *Æneid*, when his servant entered and presented him with a note, probably saving the delinquent from a fresh outbreak of anger, accompanied by some of those convincing arguments by which the Doctor often illustrated his discourse. On reading this letter Dr. Bowles frowned, and then called the attention of all the boys in the school-room.

‘Young gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I regret to state that I have at this moment received from Mr. Trevor, of the Grange, a communication which has caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Trevor

writes to inform me that yesterday afternoon his boat was abstracted from its usual situation, and was discovered this morning lying on the beach, half filled with water. It had apparently been removed from its usual position by some persons who had omitted to replace it, and consequently it narrowly escaped being carried away by the tide. Now Mr. Trevor further informs me that suspicion is attached to the young gentlemen of this establishment, one of whom was observed in the vicinity a short time before the abstraction is supposed to have taken place. He remarks, in conclusion, that he knows boys are given to skylarking, and hopes it won't happen again, but thinks a flogging would do the little scamp good. By which unclassical and inelegant expressions I presume that Mr. Trevor intends to intimate that he is aware that young gentlemen are prone to levity of thought and conduct, but, while hoping that such conduct may not be repeated, for the transgressor's own moral benefit, would desire him chastised. I sincerely trust, my young friends, that I may in your name at once refute the charge so groundlessly

brought forward by Mr. Trevor. If any one did abstract Mr. Trevor's boat yesterday, let him rise in his place.'

A low whispering was heard through all the room, which was succeeded by a wondering silence as Edwyn Willoughby stood up.

'Willoughby!' exclaimed the Doctor with a look of surprise. 'Do you confess yourself to be the perpetrator of this outrage upon the laws of society?'

'Yes, sir; I took away Mr. Trevor's boat.'

'Then stand out here.'

As Edwyn walked down the schoolroom, all the boys turned and looked at him curiously. One boy called Rendle remarked to Robert Pratt, who was sitting next him:

'Who would ever have thought of such a good and proper little boy as Willoughby being up to such a trick? If it had been you now, Pratt, I shouldn't have been so much astonished. Why, Bob, what's the matter? You look as white as a sheet. Aren't you well?'

'Oh I'm all right, Rendle; but it's so cold.

What are you looking at? Hush, let us hear what Dr. Bowles is saying.'

'For what reason am I to understand that you have committed this action, so singularly at variance with your general conduct?'

'Hear him buttering up Willoughby for being awfully straitlaced and particular,' put in Rendle *sotto voce*.

'I took the boat, sir, and I would rather not say why,' answered Edwyn. 'I was obliged to take it, and I promised not to say anything about it.'

'Oh, indeed! that is a very presumptuous speech, sir, to make to me. Were you assisted by any of your companions?'

Pratt felt still colder, and began to tremble. Edwyn remained silent.

'I am assured in my own mind that you were. Acquaint me with their names.'

'I would rather not, sir; I really can't.'

'This is impertinence—impertinence which I cannot suffer, and which must be punished in the most severe manner. Did any one here present assist

Edwyn Willoughby in his nefarious action? If so, let him rise in his place.'

No one stood up, but Pratt began to feel still colder, particularly when Rendle whispered to him, 'I am sure some other fellow must have had something to do with it, for Willoughby would never have done such a thing by himself. I wonder who it is.'

'Well, sir, as your confederates basely conceal themselves, on you must fall the full weight of my justice, unless you reveal them.'

So saying, the Doctor opened his desk, and taking out his largest cane, looked in a majestic and severe manner at Willoughby.

'Put forth your hand, sir.'

'The fellows that were with him are horrid cads for not standing up. If they are found out, they deserve to run the gauntlet of the whole school,' whispered Rendle to Pratt, who was almost at freezing point by this time.

Edwyn held out his hand at once, but not without fear, for it was the first time that he had ever been caned. Thwack! came the cane, and Pratt's heart, which was thumping up and down in his

guilty breast, felt the blow much more than Edwyn, who, without crying or flinching, bore three more cuts given with all the Doctor's force.

'Now, sir, will you confess the extent of your crime, and reveal the names of your unworthy associates?'

'No, sir,' answered Edwyn in a low voice. Pratt felt a little better.

Two more cuts followed, each of which left a dull red mark across Edwyn's hand.

'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'your obstinacy is without parallel. I am determined to overcome it; but as I see that the appointed time for recreation has arrived, I dismiss you all for the present, purposing to make a further inquiry into this matter in half an hour. By that time, I trust that your extraordinary obstinacy will have yielded to the dictates of reflection and prudence. Go.'

'It's as well Lucas was not here,' thought Pratt, beginning to breathe more freely. 'He would have likely jumped up and told the whole story at once, like a fool that he is. I must manage to make him hold his tongue, somehow or other.'



As soon as the boys had got out into the playground they all flocked round Willoughby, eager to satisfy their curiosity.

‘I say, Willoughby, you took that licking well,’ cried one. ‘Didn’t Willoughby stand it well?’

‘Like a brick,’ said Rendle. ‘But tell us, Willoughby, what did you do? What row were you up to? I thought you were such a good little boy, and never didn’t do nothing that you didn’t ought not to.’

‘Who was with you? If it was any fellow here, he ought to be kicked for not standing up.’

But as Edwyn refused to tell them anything about it, they soon left him and turned away to their games. As soon as he was left alone, Pratt came sneaking up to him.

‘I say, Willoughby, I’m very sorry you got such a licking. It didn’t hurt much, did it?’

‘No, not very.’

‘I’m very much obliged to you for not telling. I couldn’t very well stand up, you know. Do you think he will find out?’

‘Not from me, at all events,’ said Edwyn, turning away hastily.



### CHAPTER III.

**W**HEN the boys came into school again, they found standing beside Dr. Bowles a stout, hearty-looking gentleman, who was well known to them all as Mr. Trevor, of the Grange. After conversing for a few minutes with him, the Doctor turned round and addressed the whole school.

‘Before I resume the investigation in which I have been already engaged this morning, let me inquire if you are all present?’

‘Lucas is the only boy absent to-day, sir. He is not well.’

‘Oh, I recollect the fact. Harley, would you have the goodness to repair to him in the sick-room, and inform him that I desire to know if he can throw any light on this subject. Mr. Trevor, whom I encountered in the street a short time ago, has

consented to be present at my investigation. Now let the culprit once more stand forth.'

When Edwyn was before him, the Doctor took up his cane and said :

'Sir, I reiterate my request, and I warn you that if it is not complied with, I shall chastise you with still greater severity.'

'Now, Dr. Bowles, don't be too hard on him,' interposed Mr. Trevor. 'I daresay it was a thoughtless trick. Come, youngster, what did you take my boat for? Out with it, now. It's always the best plan to tell the truth.'

'I would rather not say why I took your boat, sir. I am very sorry that I did not put it back in its proper place, but I can't tell you anything about it, because I promised not to.'

'Now I like that,' cried Mr. Trevor. 'Let him off, Doctor; don't you see that he has got some friend whom he doesn't want to betray? I am sorry I ever said anything about the boat. After all, there's no great harm in taking the loan of a boat, though I did feel rather angry when I saw the careless way it was left kicking about on the

sands. So let bygones be bygones, and we'll say no more about it.'

'Justice asserts her claims,' answered the Doctor, awfully and inexorably. 'Put forth your hand, sir.'

Edwyn bit his lips as the cane again marked his hand. A second blow followed, and a third, when—

'Oh, I say,' roared Mr. Trevor, 'I can't stand this. I'm not going to have this fellow cut to pieces on my account.'

'Sir,' answered the Doctor with a majestic look, 'if I have to flog this boy for a whole day I will do it, but I must wring from him the secret which he at present conceals. Justice is stern, and with her loud voice drowns the gentler pleadings of mercy.'

With which sublime sentiment the Doctor once more prepared to cane the unlucky Edwyn, who up to this time had borne the pain without a murmur, when Frank Lucas, dressed in very loose style, and evidently just out of bed, rushed into the schoolroom.

'Stop, sir, stop! I have something to say about this. Please hear me before you cane Willoughby, and I will tell you the whole story.'

‘Oh, what a fool!’ muttered Pratt in terror.

The Doctor cast a bewildered look on Frank, and exclaimed :

‘Sir, if your explanations can in any way clear this boy from guilt, they will be most acceptable ; for, believe me, I am totally unaccustomed to such severe corporal punishment, and my mind revolts from it as much as my body suffers from the unusual exertion. Proceed !’

‘Oh, here is the whole story!’ thought the agonized Pratt. ‘I’m in for it. What an ass Lucas is !’

‘Well, sir, I and another fellow went upon the island yesterday against your orders, though Willoughby advised us not to go, and wouldn’t come with us. We were shut off by the tide, and I believe we should have been drowned if Edwyn hadn’t rowed over in Mr. Trevor’s boat and brought us off, though he was very nearly drowned himself in doing it.’

‘Did he, now?’ put in Mr. Trevor; ‘I knew he was a good fellow.’

‘When we got on shore, I daresay we forgot in our hurry to put the boat back in its place. And I

shouldn't wonder if the boat got a little smashed against the rock, but we didn't mean to do it any harm, sir. Then the other fellow asked us to say nothing about it, and after a while I consented because Edwyn wished it; but if I hadn't been in bed this morning, I should have told the whole story at once. I never knew anything about the row that was going on, till Harley came into the sick-room and told me that you were in a regular wax, and were pitching into—I mean to say, that you—that you were—were,' stammered Frank, suddenly recollecting himself and getting a little confused.

'Were administering justice,' suggested the Doctor.

'Yes, sir, that's what I mean to say,' said Frank, catching at the suggestion. 'But I assure you, sir, only the other fellow and me were to blame, and Edwyn has been caned for saving our lives.'

'Well said, young fellow,' said Mr. Trevor; 'I like boys to tell the truth. I thought there was something else at the bottom of all this.'

'If this story is to be relied upon,' said the Doctor in amazement, 'I have certainly been committing a great injustice—a very great injustice. Who was

the individual mentioned in your narrative as "the other fellow," may I inquire ?'

'Oh, I would rather not tell, though he has been so mean as not to speak out and save Edwyn a caning. Horrid low it was, when Edwyn saved his life,' said Frank confidentially, quite forgetting, in his excitement, the dignified presence in which he stood. 'Leave him alone, sir, and let me take the thrashing for two. I know I deserve it.'

'Lucas having declined, in very curious and unclassical language, to reveal the name of his infamous associate, and having made sundry remarkable and forcible comments on the conduct of that individual, it remains for me to appeal to him once more to discover himself,' said the Doctor; adding in a terrific voice, 'If he does not, let me tell him that it will be the worse for him.'

Pratt, terrified by this threat, rose and walked up to the Doctor, with a face on which fear and guilt were most legibly written.

'Am I to understand,' said Dr. Bowles to the trembling boy, 'that you are an accessory to this crime?'

‘Yes,’ faltered out Pratt, ‘At least I didn’t mean—’

‘Silence!’ thundered the Doctor. ‘Why did you not avow your guilt at my request? Why did you expose an innocent and commendable person to an unjust and severe punishment?’

‘A little scoundrel, and no mistake,’ said Mr. Trevor parenthetically.

‘Down on your knees, sir, and beg pardon of Edwyn Willoughby. Down on your knees before the whole school. I will punish you in a way that you will never forget. Down, sir!’

So saying, the indignant Doctor descended from his desk, and would have made a terrific onslaught on Pratt with his uplifted cane, but the miserable boy burst into tears, and commenced to howl so piteously, that he flung him away with an air of disgust, and asked one of the assistant masters to take him into another room.

‘Now, to resume,’ said Dr. Bowles: ‘the conduct of Edwyn Willoughby seems to me to have been meritorious rather than blameable.’

‘That it is,’ said Mr. Trevor energetically; and



the hisses which had accompanied Pratt's exit were changed into applause for Edwyn.

'But before finally pronouncing my opinion in this matter, I will dispose of the case of Lucas,' and then he proceeded to give Frank a caning; but as the worthy Doctor was rather tired by his previous exertions, I don't think it hurt much. When this ceremony was over, Dr. Bowles made another oration.

'For his disobedience to my orders I have punished Lucas, although I perceive in his conduct some laudable motives—namely, a feeling of honour towards his friend, and gratitude towards his preserver, of which feelings Robert Pratt has evinced himself so remarkably destitute. There is, I believe, a feeling among you that the claims of honour are merely binding with regard to yourselves, and do not extend their operations to me. Such a feeling may be better than a total want of conscientiousness, but, nevertheless, it is not altogether commendable. If I may so speak, this is a remarkable illustration of the trite adage which ascribes a spirit of mutual confidence to a class of

---


society with which it would be impolite as well as unjust to compare you : I refer to the dishonest portion of the community. Lucas has been punished for his fault, which he has promised me not to repeat, and will doubtless be rewarded for his fidelity and for his penitence by your approbation as by mine. But the claims of justice are not yet satisfied. I was, I confess, slightly out of temper this morning, and I severely punished a boy whose only crimes prove to be that he had obeyed my orders, saved the lives of his schoolfellows, and kept his promise by enduring a severe chastisement with a fortitude which nothing but a consciousness of innocence and integrity could bestow. I am sorry for my part in this mistake, and I confess that I acted rashly, and even culpably ; but I will now do all in my power to make amends. In the first place, for this boy's noble conduct, I give the whole school permission to disperse to their various recreations for the rest of the day ; secondly, I hope that you will show your approval of such conduct by imitating it,—though, if any of you have occasion to make use of Mr. Trevor's boat, I trust you will not forget to

restore it to its proper situation ; and thirdly,—you are a good boy, Willoughby, and I shall always have the greatest regard for you.'

I shall leave you to imagine how Edwyn Willoughby blushed at these compliments, and also what happened at the interview between the Doctor and Pratt, which took place before long. That young gentleman was richly punished, you may be sure. And as soon as he appeared in the playground he was immediately seized and compelled to run the gauntlet of the whole school, each boy being armed with a strap, or stick, or knotted handkerchief. And this was not all, for most of the boys were so disgusted with his meanness and cowardice that they would hardly speak to him, and, if I remember rightly, at the beginning of the next half-year he did not return to the school. But nobody ever called Willoughby a muff again.



## GIRLS!

IRLS! What's the good of girls?' So spoke, with infinite contempt, Master Tom Hallett, addressing his sister Ella and his aunt Mary.

It was the first morning of the holidays, and ever since breakfast Master Tom had been entertaining them with a full and particular account of his school, of the masters and 'fellows' thereof, and of the astonishing and interesting events which had lately taken place among them, such as the cricket match between their first eleven and that of another school at Dawlish, and the terrible licking which Rendle got for pouring a lot of ink down Pratt's back. Then Ella told some stories of her school at Exeter; whereupon Tom entered into very unfavourable comparisons between boys' and girls' schools, as a matter of course asserting the infinite

superiority of the former to the latter, and winding up by the above exclamation.

Aunt Mary and Ella seemed rather amused than annoyed by the young gentleman's low estimation of their sex. Perhaps they did not set much value on his opinion.

'I tell you,' repeated Tom, 'girls are just fit for nothing. What use is it sending them to school?'

'I don't see why they shouldn't go to school as well as boys,' said Ella.

'Because there's no use for them learning anything. All that they are fit for is just to sew and work, and sing, and play on the piano, and giggle when anybody speaks to them,' said Tom, his scorn rising higher and higher as he enumerated each of these accomplishments. 'I don't know what girls do with themselves at school. They can't play cricket or football, and they don't learn Virgil and Greek grammar,—they are too stupid for that. And they have no pluck in them. They get frightened at the least thing.'

'Well, Tom, I think you are accusing our sex unjustly,' said Aunt Mary. 'I have known girls

who were both cleverer and braver than many boys.'

'Not braver than some boys at our school. There's Marley, now,—he climbed up the great rock at Terry Head to get a gull's nest. You couldn't do that, Miss Ella, nor any of the girls at that school of yours either.'

'I don't think any of us would be so foolish,' said Ella. 'I don't call it brave to risk your life in that way for nothing.'

'And you don't know what a plucky fellow Williamson at our school is,' went on Tom. 'Do you know he got ten cuts over one hand with the cane the other day, and he never sang out nor moved the whole time. No girl could do that. You would all howl out at the first cut.'

'We don't get the cane at our school. It's only boys that need canes; and of course they ought not to cry out when they get beaten, because they don't feel—at least, not very much,' said Ella, laughing.

'Well, that's just what I was saying. Boys don't feel so much as girls, and so they are braver.'

‘Stop a minute, Tom,’ said Aunt Mary. ‘Who told you that not being able to feel was being brave? You want to imitate the ancient Spartans, I suppose.’

‘There’s none of you know anything about it,’ declared Tom. ‘The ancient Spartans were a set of bricks, only you don’t know anything about them, because you never read Smith’s Classical Dictionary. But I can’t be bothered talking about it any more. I’ll get Fred to argue with you when he comes back from Coleworth. All I know is, that boys are much braver and better every way than girls.’

‘You must excuse Ella and me if we don’t quite agree with you.’

Tom said nothing more, feeling that in the art of talking, at all events, he was no match for his adversaries. But presently he looked at his watch and remarked :

‘Now, Ella, I’d advise you to set off and be putting on your finery, for it will soon be time to start for River House, and then you won’t be ready if you don’t look sharp.’

‘But, Tom, there’s no hurry. Mamma said that we were not to start till twelve, and it can’t be eleven yet.’

‘Oh, but I’m going to ask mamma to let us start sooner. Harry Darling told me that they were going out to shoot rabbits, and if we don’t start soon, perhaps they will go without us.’

‘Is that the reason why you are so anxious about going to River House?’ asked Aunt Mary.

‘Oh, not that only. River House is an awfully jolly place, and Mrs. Darling lets Harry and me do whatever we like. Oh, we are going to have such fun to-day!’

‘We both like going to River House,’ said Ella. ‘Louisa Darling is such a nice girl.’

‘Why don’t you come with us, Aunt Mary? I’m sure Mrs. Darling would like you to come.’

‘I can’t, my dear. Your mamma and I are obliged to go into Exeter this morning.’

‘Oh, aunt, will you get me a piece of black velvet at Green and Bennett’s? I want it for that bag I am making to give mamma on her birthday.’



‘Certainly, my dear, if you will show me what you want.’

‘I’m going to look at the new pony,’ proclaimed Tom, seeing that the conversation was turning upon matters in which he had no interest. And suiting the action to the word, he left the room, and betook himself to the stable-yard.

But just as Ella had finished showing Aunt Mary the exact length and width of the velvet which she was to buy, Tom rushed back again in a state of great excitement.

‘Here’s a bother!’ he cried angrily. ‘We’re not going to River House, after all.’

‘Why not?’

‘Oh, somebody or other is ill. It’s a horrid shame of people to be ill when we were going to have had such fun!’

‘Oh mamma, is it true that we are not to go to River House?’ said Ella. Mrs. Hallet had entered the room immediately after Tom with a letter in her hand.

‘Quite true, I am sorry to say, Ella. I have just got a note from Mrs. Darling, saying that little

Carry is very unwell, and they are afraid it may be scarlet fever. So you must put off your visit.'

'Well, I suppose it can't be helped,' said Ella, looking rather disappointed, however. 'We must just wait till some other day.'

'That's the way you girls always talk,' growled Tom. 'We'll wait till another day, and then of course something else will happen to keep us from going. I don't believe we shall get to River House at all, these holidays.'

'Don't talk nonsense, Tom,' said his mamma. 'There's no use in being angry about it. You must just make up your minds to bear the disappointment.'

'I hate being disappointed!'

'Never mind,' said Ella, trying to console him. 'I think it is going to rain, so we should not have enjoyed ourselves much, after all.'

But Tom would not look upon the matter philosophically, and retired from the room in a fit of bad temper.

'Tom seems to have the black dog,' observed Aunt Mary when he was gone.

‘And I daresay he has gone to his own room or the stables to play with it,’ said Ella.

‘Oh, he will come round again presently,’ said Mrs. Hallett. ‘But really I wish Tom would not be so foolish. Now, Mary, it is time we were starting for Exeter.’

In the meantime Tom had found his way to the pond, where he tried to relieve his excited feelings by throwing stones into the water. After having been engaged in this intellectual occupation for about half an hour, his discontent began to wear off, and he was thinking of returning to the house, when he heard Ella’s voice crying out his name all round about.

‘Now,’ thought Tom, ‘I’ll run and hide in the shrubberies and lead her a fine dance.’ But on second thoughts he came to the conclusion that it would be ‘low to bother a girl,’ and condescended to cry out :

‘Ella ! Here ! Down by the pond.’

Presently Ella appeared, and came running up to him.

‘Oh Tom, what a time I’ve been looking for

you!' she gasped. 'Come away quick. Papa says he will take us out in the phaeton, and teach us to drive the new pony. Won't that be nice?'

'Does he?' cried Tom in delight, quite forgetting his disappointment in the prospect of this new pleasure.

'You must be quick, though, for the pony was just being harnessed when I came away.'

They ran back to the house as fast as they could, and found their father waiting for them in the stable-yard with the pony phaeton.

'Come, jump in,' said he. 'You two sit on the front seat, and I will get up behind and teach you how to drive. Now, Tom, ladies first.'

So Ella first took the reins, after her papa had shown her how to use them. Then they got the pony started by shouting at it and shaking the reins, for Ella said that she could not bear to use the whip, and away they went round to the front of the house, down the avenue, and out upon the turn-pike road. Ella took great pains, and got on pretty well, for the pony seemed a much more quiet and well-behaved animal than many of its species are.

The part of the road on which they were now driving ran for some distance alongside of a railway. It was a good, broad, smooth road ; and as soon as they got upon it, the pony gave a toss of his head, put his best foot foremost, and began to bowl the phaeton along at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

‘I say, papa,’ remarked Tom when they had gone on a little way, ‘will this pony be frightened at trains, do you think? I hear one coming.’

‘I don’t suppose so, but I can’t tell, for I have never met a train with him yet ; you had better give me the reins, Ella, in case he should be restless ;’ and Mr. Hallett took the reins and drove the pony from the back seat of the phaeton.

There was a train coming up the line, and they all could hear it now. The pony heard it too ; and, pricking up his ears, looked rather surprised and uneasy.

‘Sh-sh-sh!’ the train was coming nearer and nearer, and the noise of snorting, panting, and rattling grew louder every minute. The pony kept turning its head towards the railroad, and began to show evident signs of being frightened.

‘Oh Tom! do you think it will run away?’ exclaimed Ella in alarm.

‘Oh no, don’t be frightened,’ said Tom; but he began to feel rather uncomfortable himself.

Suddenly the train appeared from among the trees, among which it had till then been hid, and came puffing and blowing towards them. As soon as the pony saw it he stopped short, and after one look at it, attempted to turn round; and when checked by Mr. Hallett’s firm hand, began to rear and kick vigorously. Ella turned a little pale, and caught hold of her brother’s hand. She very nearly gave a scream, but managed to restrain herself. It must be confessed that even the redoubtable Tom felt a little nervous, but of course he could never humble himself before a girl by showing any marks of fear; so he summoned up a look of great resolution, and held tight on to the side of the phaeton. Mr. Hallett saw better than either of them the danger of their position, but he kept himself calm, and tried to manage the excited pony. But the animal had got the bit between his teeth, and was quite uncon-

trollable; and just as the train came close up beside them, he wheeled round, and fairly ran off. Away they went rattling down the road at a tremendous pace. None of them spoke, except when Mr. Hallett told Tom and Ella to sit perfectly still.

On, on, faster and faster, scarcely escaping running into a cart which was passing by, but which the driver managed to pull out of the way in time. That danger was past, but the pony showed no signs of stopping. Every moment it seemed likely that he would dash up against something, and break the slight pony carriage in pieces. For some time they had kept on the middle of the road, but now they were approaching a sharp turn; and though Mr. Hallett did all he could to swing the phaeton well round, he found he had lost all control over it. They dashed up to the corner at headlong speed, and suddenly there was a shock, the carriage rolled over, and its three occupants were thrown violently out of it. The pony had broken through a wire fence, and fallen over into the ditch beyond.

Tom was the first to pick himself up, and was a little surprised to find that he was not much hurt. He had fallen among the long grass by the road-side, and had received no further injury than a good shake, and the stings of some nettles which grew plentifully among the grass. The first thing he did was to help up Ella, who was also quite safe and sound, though, as may be imagined, rather frightened. They did not think about themselves, however, but hastened to assist their father, who had been thrown right over into the ditch. There they found him lying quite insensible, for his head had struck against a stone.

‘Oh Tom! what has happened to papa?’ cried Ella. ‘Papa, dear papa, speak to me! Where are you hurt? Oh Tom, he won’t speak!’

‘Don’t be so frightened,’ said Tom; ‘I think he is only stunned.’

‘But, Tom, what shall we do? how are we to get papa home again?’

‘We must get some one to help us. Listen! I hear a carriage coming down the road. If you will stay here, I will run and meet it.’



Tom ran off, leaving Ella beside their father. She felt very much inclined to burst into tears, but she was a sensible girl, and knew that crying would do no good ; so she restrained herself, and waited quietly till Tom came up with the carriage.

It was a spring cart belonging to a neighbouring farmer, who was driving to market with one of his sons. They declared that Mr. Hallett was only stunned by the fall, and were very glad to find that it was no worse ; for they had been alarmed by the highly-coloured and not very rational account which Tom, in his excitement, had given of the accident. Among them they managed to raise Mr. Hallett carefully out of the ditch, and place him in the cart ; and then, leaving the farmer's son to look after the pony, which was moaning in pain among the ruins of the phaeton, they drove off towards Hallett House.

All the way Tom and Ella hung over their father, eager to catch the least word he said, but he never spoke ; and they began to be terrified lest he should be worse hurt than the farmer seemed to think. In a short time—to these two



"Tom ran off, leaving Ella beside their father."—STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 168.



it seemed like an hour—they arrived at home, and the servants being summoned, Mr. Hallett was carried up-stairs and laid on his bed.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Hallett and Aunt Mary had not yet come home, but Ella had her wits about her, though her nerves had been greatly shaken by what had happened.

‘Look here, Tom,’ she said, ‘we must send for the doctor as fast as we can.’

‘Oh, I’ll go!’ said Tom; ‘I’ll ride the black pony, and bring him here in no time.’

‘I wish you would stay with me, rather. I don’t like being left alone with papa. Couldn’t James go?’

‘I’ll go and tell him,’ said Tom, rushing off to the stables, where he found that the prudent groom had begun to saddle a horse as soon as he heard of the accident; so in a minute or two they had the satisfaction of seeing him set off at full gallop for the doctor’s house.

‘Oh Tom!’ cried Ella, meeting him as he returned to the hall, ‘I wish mamma would come back from Exeter. How are we to tell her what

has happened? she will be so frightened. Will you go out and meet her?’

‘I don’t like to. You had better tell her, Ella.’

‘Well, I will.’

In a few minutes they heard the sound of carriage wheels in the avenue.

‘There she is!’ exclaimed Ella, springing to the window.

‘No, it’s the doctor. James must have met him on the road, or he wouldn’t have been here so soon.’

Ella didn’t know whether to be glad or sorry. She wished that her mamma would come home, but she did not know how to tell her of the accident.

Tom met the doctor at the door, and showed him up to his father’s room, but presently re-appeared, looking rather foolish.

‘He’s looking at papa’s head. He sent me out of the room, because he said I was fidgeting about so.’

‘Oh Tom, I hope it is nothing very bad!’ said Ella.

Just then another carriage was heard driving up.

‘That’s mamma now!’ exclaimed Tom; ‘you must go and meet her, Ella.’

Ella summoned up all her courage, and ran down to the hall door to meet her mamma. Tom stayed up-stairs, and listened anxiously, for one of his ideas about women was, that they were in the habit of screaming or fainting whenever they heard any bad news, and, like most boys, he had a great dread of tragic scenes. He heard Ella's voice and his mamma's in the hall, then their footsteps on the stairs, and presently Ella came back.

'What did mamma say?'

'Oh, she just gave a little start, and then she asked if the doctor had come, and when she heard that he was in papa's room, she went up there.'

'Oh Ella, I hope papa is not badly hurt!' exclaimed Tom for about the twentieth time.

In a few minutes they heard the doctor go down-stairs and drive away; and directly Mrs. Hallett came into the room, and, to their great relief, told them that their father's injuries were not dangerous, and that all he required would be to be kept quiet. And if any of my readers sympathize with their anxiety, I may tell them that Mr. Hallett was out of bed next day, and quite recovered before the end of the week.

That same evening it happened that Tom found himself alone with Aunt Mary in the drawing-room, and after twirling his thumbs for some minutes he made the following announcement :

‘I say, Aunt Mary, I’ve been thinking.’

‘Well, Tom, that’s what you don’t do very often, I’m afraid. What have you been thinking about?’

‘I’ve been thinking that girls are worth much more than I thought they were.’

‘Oh, you have found that out, have you? What has changed your opinion?’

‘Well, you see, when the pony ran off with us to-day, I thought that Ella would have begun to squeal or faint, or something of that sort, but she didn’t. Then, when she got thrown out, she didn’t cry or make a work about her own hurts, though she had her face all scratched and stung by the nettles, but she went at once to help papa. So she must be braver than I thought.’

Aunt Mary smiled.

‘And I’ll tell you another thing,’ said Tom confidentially, drawing his chair closer to his aunt’s. ‘I thought that when mamma heard about papa

being hurt, she would have kicked up some awful row, or gone off into a fit. I always thought that ladies did that when there was anything the matter.'

'Then, you see, you thought wrong. Of course there are some foolish ladies who would have "kicked up a row," as you call it, but your mamma knew that could do no good; and although she was very much alarmed at hearing of your papa's accident, she restrained her feelings, and went at once to see if she could be of any use to him.'

'Well, I daresay women are of some good, after all,' said Tom magnanimously.

'Yes, and a great deal of good too, I can tell you, Master Tom. Of course there are cowardly and useless women, as there are cowardly and useless men; but many women have done things which men might be proud to do. Look at Florence Nightingale!'

'Oh, she was a jolly woman!' exclaimed Tom. 'It was she who went out to nurse the wounded soldiers in the Russian War, wasn't it?'

'And hundreds of women like her, whom I will



tell you about some day, if you have patience to listen to me. But now, Tom, I want to tell you something which you will be very much surprised to hear. You don't know what courage, real courage, is.'

'I don't!'

'No, you don't, sir. You think that courage consists of not caring for danger, and not feeling pain; but it is a great mistake to call this real courage. Brutes have that sort of courage, but it is only man who can have real courage, which is not so much being indifferent and thoughtless about danger, as being able to conquer fear. Girls have often as much of this sort of courage as boys. For instance, when the pony ran off to-day, I daresay Ella felt far more frightened than you did, but she tried hard to restrain her fear, and kept quiet: that was true courage. Ay, Tom, women can be brave,—braver than men at times. None of the soldiers who mounted the heights of Alma, with bold indifference to death and wounds, seem to me so much deserving of our admiration as the women who, like Florence Nightingale, stifled their womanly aver-

sion to scenes of bloodshed, and, in the name of Christian charity and English patriotism, went over the sea to nurse the sick and smooth the pillow of the dying.'

Tom looked doubtful over this. He quite agreed with his aunt that these women were brave, but he could not quite see how they could be as brave as men with red coats and guns ; for English soldiers, with Jack the Giant-killer, and Mr. Greatheart in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, were Tom's types of heroism.

'There is another kind of courage which we must have, to be truly brave,' Aunt Mary went on,—'the courage which is necessary in fighting with ourselves ; for we are our own worst enemies, Tom, as you will find out some day. I can give you an instance of what I mean. This morning, when you found that you were not to go to River House, you became angry, and allowed your feelings of disappointment to get the better of you ; but Ella, though quite as much disappointed, made an effort to conquer her feelings, and did not annoy her mamma by any useless complaints. You see, Tom, if boys can bear bodily pain better than girls, they

can sometimes bear mental pain, such as disappointment, better than boys. Which is the nobler ?'


Tom made no answer.

'Well, Tom, I hope you will talk no more such silly nonsense as I heard you talking this morning. If you will go on boasting of the courage of your sex, I shall bring up half a dozen instances in which your sister has shown far more courage and self-control than you ever did. It is a capital thing to be brave. We all need courage to fight our way through life, men and women, boys and girls alike ; and we all of us should pray to God that He will strengthen our hearts, and help us to conquer our fears, and look dangers boldly in the face. But it is wrong to boast of our courage, and wrong to despise other people for not being so brave as we think we are. So, Tom, I hope I shall not hear you teasing your sister any more, nor being so rude as to tell her again that girls are worth nothing.'

'Well, I won't,' was all Tom said ; but those who know the nature of that undemonstrative animal the English schoolboy, will readily understand that he meant more than he said.



## RUNNING OFF TO SEA.

 ONE day Tom Hallett went to a picnic with the Darlings in their carriage. The party consisted of Tom and Harry, Harry's mother and sister Louisa, Tom's sister Ella, and Harry's big brother Frank, who was a midshipman, and had just returned from his first voyage.

This Frank Darling was an object of great admiration to our friends Tom and Harry. He wore a blue jacket with brass buttons, which alone would have been enough to secure their respect; and then he had such a free and easy manner, and said such funny things, and told such wonderful stories, that they were quite enchanted, and fancied that to be a sailor with brass buttons and a gold-laced cap was the very height of human happiness.

When they were about to start, the ladies got in-

side, and Frank was about to follow them, while Tom and Harry had climbed into the rumble.

‘Couldn’t you go outside too, Frank?’ said his sister Louisa; ‘you will crush all our dresses if you come in here.’

‘All right! I’ll take a deck passage,’ sang out Frank. ‘Ahoy! you two lubbers up there, make room for me;’ and so saying, he swung himself up to the rumble. ‘Now then, John, weigh the anchor, and heave ahead.’

The old coachman grinned, and whipped up his horses. As for Tom and Harry, though they were a little crushed, they were delighted at having Frank up beside them, and nearly choked themselves with laughing at all the funny things which he said and did.

‘Now then, John,’ he kept crying out, ‘put on more sail. Pipe all hands for punishment, and make these lubbers of horses give way. Send her along at twelve knots an hour. Steady! port your helm there, or you will be running into that small gig-craft.’

Then Harry fastened his handkerchief and Tom’s

to a walking-stick, and hung it out behind like a ship's ensign, much to the astonishment of everybody they passed on the road, while Frank continued to tell John to 'make sail,' or to 'heave to,' or shouted 'breakers ahead!' when they came to a toll-gate.

'It must be a jolly thing to be at sea,' Tom ventured to remark. 'You like it very much, don't you?'

'Like the sea! I should rather say so. I'm sure I pity you poor land-lubbers that have to stay always mewed up in schools, stewing away at Latin and Euclid and all that stuff. You don't know how splendid it is to lie at anchor on a fine, calm day, seeing nothing but the sky and sea, and feeling the breeze on your face and the rocking of the ship.'

'Oh how jolly!'

The two boys listened greedily to all this, and thought it would be the finest thing in the world to spend their lives lying on deck and looking at the sky and the sea. Frank's stories were all about the pleasant parts of a sailor's life, and he quite omitted to mention that there were any such

things as work to be done, or first lieutenants to be obeyed, on board ship.

But now they approached port, as Frank said, and came to anchor at the inn of Starcross, where they were joined by the rest of the party, and proceeded to the scene of the picnic. It was a very pleasant party, and Frank was quite a lion at it. Tom's and Harry's admiration was heightened by observing that he was a special favourite with all the young ladies, for as Frank himself said, 'It wasn't every day that they got a brass-bound fellow to hand their plates.' In fine, Tom and Harry both determined that they too must be sailors.

That evening, after their return, Tom touched upon the subject at tea.

'Papa,' he said, 'I think I should like to be a sailor.'

'Oh no, Tom, I hope you won't,' cried his sister Ella; 'a sailor's life must be such a dangerous one.'

'What do I care for that?' said Tom, trying to look very courageous.

'Well, well, Tom,' interrupted his father, 'it will be time enough to talk about that when we know a

little more about *nauta* and the rest of the Latin grammar.'

'You will be very *naughty* if you think of going to sea,' laughed Ella.

'Oh, what a horrid pun!' cried Tom, pretending to laugh, but feeling very much disgusted at the way in which his grand project was received.

So Tom said nothing more upon the subject, but spent the evening reading Cook's Voyages, which of course only inflamed his desire to be a sailor, and made him think that those people who lived always on land were the most unhappy beings possible.

Next morning Tom went down to the river Exe, to sail a ship which his mamma had given him some time before, and which he had christened the 'Ella.' Having tied a long piece of thin string to it, he shoved it into the water, and watched it floating down with great delight, trying to believe that it was a real ship, and that he was its captain. But when it had got to the end of the string, and Tom tried to pull it back, somehow the string gave way, and, much to his disgust, the 'Ella' drifted



down the river. Tom followed it for a good distance, but in vain; for it had been swept out into the very middle of the river, and presently getting in among some driftwood, turned over, and was so utterly spoiled, that Tom gave up the attempt to regain it. Just as he was turning to go home, he saw Harry Darling coming down the river bank, and ran off to meet him. As soon as he reached him, Harry exclaimed vehemently :

‘I say, I’m not going to stand this!’

‘Not going to stand what?’ asked Tom.

‘Why—here’s my tutor been scolding me like I don’t know what all the morning for not learning my lessons better, and now he has gone to tell my father, and he will be giving me another scolding, and very likely a thrashing in the afternoon. I ran out of the house, and I have a good mind never to go back again. Don’t you hate lessons, Tom?’

‘Well, lessons are rather a bother,’ assented Tom; ‘but I think you can always manage them if you only try hard enough.’

‘I don’t care; I’m not going to try any harder,’ said Harry sulkily. ‘I wish I were a sailor, like

Frank. He never has a single lesson to learn, and gets all sorts of fun on board ship. Wouldn't you like very much to be a sailor ?'

'Oh, wouldn't I! But I'm afraid papa won't let me—not just now at least.'

'My father says that it's quite bad enough to have one of his sons a sailor. He says that he never hears the wind blowing hard without feeling afraid that Frank's ship is in a storm. But I shouldn't care a bit for storms.'

'Nor I,' said Tom. 'I think a storm would be splendid fun. Just fancy the ship lying right on her side and the masts tumbling overboard, and the waves as high as our house! Oh I do wish I could go to sea!'

'Well, I say, Tom, look here,' said Harry suddenly; 'I should like to go to sea, and you would like to go. What do you say to running off?'

'Run off! Where to?'

'Why, to Topsham or Exmouth, or some of these places where there are ships. I daresay some of them would take us on board.'

'But these ships are just little ones. They are

not men-of-war like the one Frank is in, and I don't think they have any middies in them. We should have to go as common sailors.'

'Never mind. I daresay we should soon get made mates or lieutenants, or something of that sort. Anything to get away from these horrible lessons. Will you come?'

'But what will papa and mamma say?' said Tom, who was quite bewildered by this unexpected proposal of Harry's.

'Oh, you can write to them and tell them that you have gone, and that you will be back soon. Tell them that you must be a sailor, and you don't see any use in staying at school any longer.'

'But I don't like to leave them—it wouldn't be right—papa would be angry,' stammered Tom.

'Oh, are you afraid? Then I'll go by myself.'

'I'm not afraid,' said Tom indignantly. 'When would you set off, if you did go?'

'This very minute,' cried Harry. 'I'm not going back to the house at all, for I should be sure to catch it from my father about these humbugging old lessons. I'm going off this very minute; and if

---

you like to come you can, and if you're afraid to be a sailor you may stay at home.'

'Well, I will come,' said Tom, who was half pleased, half frightened at the idea.

And then these two silly boys actually set off for Topsham, in order to try to get on board a ship, and leave their kind parents and comfortable homes. They were so sure of at once attaining their object, that they never thought of taking anything to eat or any money with them.

'Are you sure that they will take us on board?' asked Tom as they walked along.

'Of course they will. They always want lots of men to work the ship, don't you see?' said Harry, whose knowledge about nautical matters was very limited, and chiefly derived from story-books. 'And then, when we get on board, we shall have biscuit and grog, and salt junk to eat.'

'I wish we had it now,' said Tom; 'I am getting pretty hungry, for I haven't had anything since breakfast.'

'Well, we shall be in Topsham soon, and we are sure to find a ship there.'

But presently the boys turned up a wrong road, and only discovered, when they had gone two or three miles on it, that they were going in the very opposite direction from Topsham. They retraced their steps, and got into the right road once more, and at length reached Topsham, about three hours after they had started ; both of them feeling a little tired.

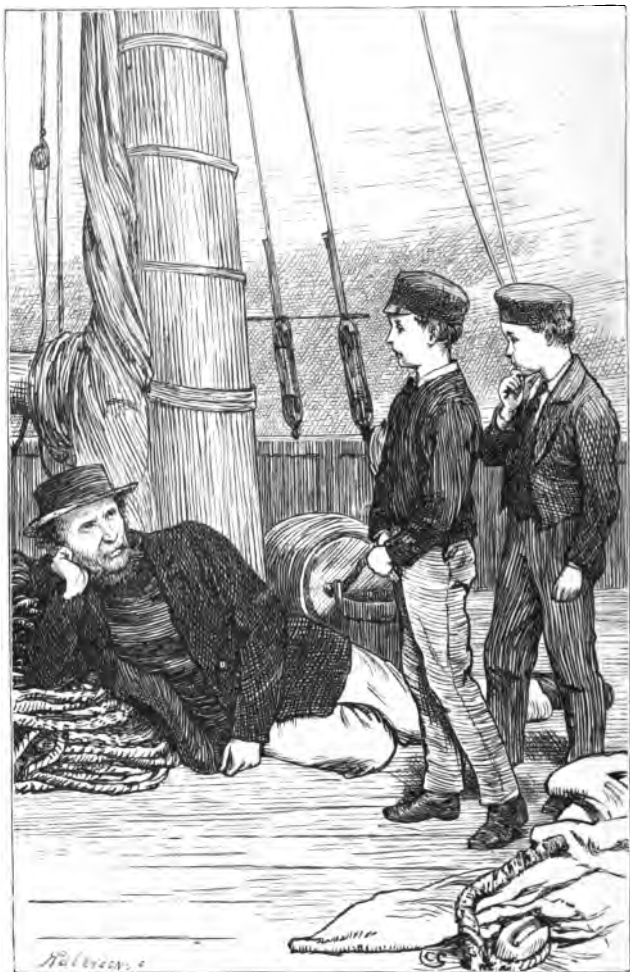
They immediately sought out the quay. There were only two ships lying beside it—a brig and a small trading sloop. The boys then held a consultation as to which of these ships they should offer their valuable services, and agreed that it should be the sloop, as a most horrible smell came from the brig, which had a cargo of guano on board.

On the deck of the sloop lay one man lazily smoking a pipe. He, they thought, must be the captain, though Tom wondered why he had not on a gold-laced cap and a blue jacket with brass buttons.

But now the question was, which of the two was to go and ask him to receive them on board.

‘You should, Harry,’ said Tom ; ‘you are older than I am, you know.’





"We want you to take us on board your ship to be sailors."—STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 177.

‘No ; you should, I think.’

But Tom flatly refused, and so it was agreed that they should both go on board, and that Harry should act as spokesman.

The man on deck looked up at them for a moment as they crossed the gangway, and gave a growl. But, nothing daunted, they walked up to him, and Harry said :

‘Please, sir—we want—we should like to know—’

‘What would you like to know?’ growled the man, as Harry stammered and came to a stop.

‘We want you to take us on board your ship to be sailors.’

The man measured them both from head to foot in a contemptuous manner.

‘You!’ he exclaimed, and then resumed his pipe.

‘Won’t you take us, sir?’ said Harry, a little daunted by this impolite reception.

‘Get away with you, you young shavers,’ said the man sulkily. And our friends made all haste to get out of the ship, by no means pleased by their unsuccessful attempt.

‘We won’t go on board that ship,’ said Harry,



speaking just like the fox in the old story of the sour grapes. 'The captain isn't a nice fellow.'

'There's a man on the deck of the brig,' said Tom. 'He looks a nicer man than that one. I vote we go and ask him.'

So they went on board the brig, and preferred their petition to the captain of it. He looked at them and smiled, and said, not unkindly: 'No, no; we don't want the like of you here. You had better go home to your father.'

At this the boys lost no time in getting out of the ship, while the captain looked after them with a smile.

'Why, he surely knows all about us,' said Tom to Harry in great alarm.

'Perhaps he guessed that we had run away from home.'

'But what are we to do, Harry? I am getting dreadfully hungry, and we have no money. It must be nearly four or five o'clock now.'

'Come on to Exmouth,' said Harry. 'These little ships here are not worth going in. We shall find far larger ships at Exmouth.'

So the boys turned, but before they left the quay they had an opportunity of witnessing one of the pleasures of a sailor boy's life. A boy not much older than Harry came lounging along, and went straight to the sloop. The man on deck, when he saw him, jumped up and cried,

'Where have you been, Jack? Didn't I tell you to be back again at four o'clock?'

'I couldn't help it, I was kept—'

'You couldn't help it! I'll teach you to help it,' roared the man; and taking up a rope, he belaboured the poor boy till he was tired, and then flung him on the deck, telling him that if he didn't stop blubbering he would knock his brains out.

Tom and Harry were greatly disgusted at this, and hurried away from the spot as fast as they could.

'Why, what a brute that captain must be!' said Tom. 'I am glad we did not go in his ship.'

They soon got upon the Exmouth road, but now their spirits were all gone. They were beginning to feel tired and hungry, and the rough repulses which they had received from the sailors had

greatly discouraged them. Besides, they began now to think that they had done a very foolish thing. Having gone about a mile, they sat down on a bank to rest.

‘I say,’ said Tom, ‘if we don’t get on board a ship at Exmouth, where shall we sleep?’

‘Oh, behind a hedge or some place, I suppose,’ replied Harry. ‘But I hope we shall get a ship to-night. If I had known that we should not get one at Topsham, I would never have come at all.’

‘I wish we never had,’ said Tom crossly.

‘Why did you come, then?’

‘Because you persuaded me; it was all your fault.’

‘No, it wasn’t. It was yours.’

They continued growling away at one another in this manner, till at length Tom cried out: ‘I think the best thing we can do is just to go away back at once.’

Harry grumbled a little, and talked about being afraid, but did not refuse to go back; and so they got up, and began, weary and discontented, to return along the Exeter road.

‘What shall we say when we get home?’ exclaimed Harry.

‘Say? Why, we must just tell the truth, I suppose,’ said Tom doggedly.

‘Oh, but, Tom, my father will be so angry. You don’t know how strict he is—far stricter than yours. Don’t you think we might say that we went out for a walk and lost our way?’

‘No!’ exclaimed Tom vehemently. ‘No lies for me. I tell you what it is: we have been making regular fools of ourselves, and we must just take the consequences.’

The two boys, especially Harry, were now very hungry and worn-out, and could scarcely drag one foot after the other. They fervently wished themselves at home, though rather frightened at the thought of meeting their parents after their foolish conduct.

They had just passed through Topsham, and were now about five miles from home, when a dog-cart came driving rapidly towards them, in which were their fathers.

A man employed on Mr. Hallett’s estate had seen

the two boys on the Topsham road ; and so, when they did not appear through the afternoon, Mr. Hallett and Mr. Darling had come to Topsham to look after them. The two gentlemen at once recognised the boys and stopped. Tom and Harry stood before them with beating hearts and down-cast eyes.

‘Where have you been, you stupid boys?’ cried Mr. Hallett. ‘Your mother has been in a most terrible fright about you, Tom.’

‘What have you been about?’ repeated Mr. Darling in a severer tone, seeing from their manner that they had been doing something wrong.

Harry Darling was too frightened to speak, for his father was very stern and angry ; but Tom, who, whatever his faults were, always told the truth, took courage, and faltered out the whole story.

‘Run away to sea!’ exclaimed Mr. Darling. ‘What a pair of noodles!’

Mr. Hallett and Mr. Darling looked at one another, and, though they were both very much annoyed, they could not help smiling.

‘Well, jump in and let us get home now,’ said

Mr. Hallett. 'I am sure you foolish boys cannot know what anxiety you have caused.'

So they got into the dog-cart, and drove rapidly back. First they went to River House, where Mr. Darling lived, and left him and Harry there, and then Tom and his father set off for their own house. On the way Mr. Hallett spoke, not angrily, but very gravely and affectionately, to Tom about what he had done. He spoke of his folly in leaving his comfortable home unknown to his parents, of the anxiety and trouble which he had caused to them all, of the ridicule which he had brought upon himself, and, above all, how he had displeased God, by doing what he must have known to be wrong. But he said that he would not punish him in any way, if Tom would only say that he was sorry for what he had done, and promise not to do it again.

'Oh yes, papa!' cried Tom, bursting into tears. 'I am really sorry. I will never, never be so foolish again.'

When they got home, we may imagine how glad Mrs. Hallett and Ella were to know that

Tom was safe. They did not scold him, however ; and Tom, feeling how much they loved him, and how foolish he had been to try to run away from them, burst out crying afresh. Indeed, for some days he was quite miserable whenever the subject was mentioned, and all his life looked back with regret to the day when he had tried to run off to sea.

As for Harry Darling, I fear he was not treated with such leniency. All I know is, that his father took him into his study, and then sent for a cane. What happened next, we can only guess.





## A SPOILT CHRISTMAS.



H! we are to have such fun to-day,' exclaimed Tom Hallett on the morning of Christmas Eve.

So Tom might well think. He and his elder brother Fred, and his cousin Ned Rendle, were home for the holidays. Uncle and Aunt Rendle were coming over to dine, and the boys had been in and out of the kitchen all the morning to watch the composition of such a splendid plum-pudding. In the evening the clergyman's children, and the Darlings from River House, and ever so many more boys and girls from the houses round about, were coming to tea, and they were to have a magic lantern and all sorts of fun.

And now behold our friends bustling about the



back drawing-room, from which Mrs. Hallett had prudently removed all the more fragile articles of furniture. It was separated into two parts by a large curtain that was to be a great feature in the evening's entertainment. First, it was to be pulled up to reveal a splendid Christmas tree; and when that had been duly despoiled, it was to be let down till Ned and Tom were ready to appear behind it in what was supposed to be the regular everyday costume of magicians, and there perform certain wonderful and astounding feats of *legerdemain*. After that, Fred and Tom were to exhibit a magic lantern; and then there were to be blind man's buff and other games.

But alas! the youthful performers met with many hindrances. Now the curtain would not pull up; now Tom didn't know how to fasten on the false beard which was to render him terrible and astounding in the character of a magician; now Fred couldn't find out how to hang up the wet sheet for the magic lantern; and if sister Ella's willing fingers and ready needle had not been at hand to assist in every difficulty, they would have got on

but slowly. However, at last the curtain was made to pull freely, Tom's beard was fastened on to his satisfaction, Fred was shown how to hang up his sheet, and everything was put in its right place, ready for the evening.

'Well now, what shall we do till dinner-time?' said Fred, flinging himself down on the sofa, and complacently regarding the result of their exertions.

'We have nearly an hour and a half,' said Ned, looking at his watch.

'Uncle and Aunt Rendle will be here soon,' said Ella.

'No, they can't be here for at least half an hour,' said Ned. 'Papa said that he had something to do in Exeter which would keep him till nearly three o'clock.'

'I think I heard somebody talking about having nothing to do,' said Mr. Hallett, appearing just then at the door of the drawing-room. 'I want some one to go over to John Tozer the carpenter's, and ask him why he has never sent the props for the Christmas tree. He promised them by twelve o'clock. Who will go?'

‘Oh, we all will!’ cried the boys, jumping up ;  
‘that will be something to do till dinner-time.’

So off they set for John Tozer’s shop. It was almost two miles by the turnpike road, though not quite so much by the path which they took.

The boys ran most of the way to warm themselves, so that they soon arrived at John Tozer’s and delivered their message, which, however, proved useless, as John declared that he had just sent off the props for the Christmas tree five minutes before their arrival. Then, after looking at John’s tools, and approvingly inspecting a set of croquet balls which he was making, they started for home at a more sober pace. It was a clear, bright, frosty day ; just the sort of day on which boys can’t help running and jumping, and laughing and chattering.

‘Oh, I wish it was always winter!’ exclaimed Tom. ‘It’s so jolly.’

‘That’s what you wish all the year round. Tom always thinks that the present time of the year is the best.’

‘What stuff, Fred! I really like winter best, especially when there is frost.’

---

‘Ahem!’ said Ned doubtfully. ‘Wait till the cricket season comes, and see what you will say then.’

‘And wait till you have got such chilblains as I have, and see what you will say then,’ added Fred.

‘You’re a couple of humbugs, you two. You never will believe a single word I say. I know I would much rather have skating and sliding than cricket.’

‘Then when the cricket comes you will change your mind, and say the very opposite.’

‘No, I shan’t, though.’

‘I say, Fred and Tom, never mind about winter and summer. I’m going to show you some good fun,’ said Ned. ‘Look here.’

‘Hallo! where in all the world did you get that?’ exclaimed Fred, as Ned drew a small pistol out of his pocket and held it up admiringly.

‘Oh, I bought it in Exeter a good while ago. It only cost four-and-six; wasn’t that cheap? It will carry as far as that big oak tree there. Let us have a shot just now. Here’s some powder, and I have five bullets in my pocket.’

‘But papa doesn’t allow us to fire pistols,’ said Fred, looking doubtfully at Tom.

Ned laughed. ‘What nonsense! You are not such babies as not to be able to let off a pistol, surely?’

‘Fred has a gun, and goes out shooting with papa,’ said Tom, ‘but neither of us is allowed to meddle with pistols. Papa says that a pistol is much more dangerous than a gun, because a fellow can’t very well point a gun so as to shoot himself; it’s such a long thing.’

‘No fear of shooting ourselves. Won’t you have a shot?’

‘I would rather not,’ said Tom.

‘Well, I am going to have one, at all events.’

‘I think you had better not,’ said Fred. ‘You know you wouldn’t do it if papa were here.’

‘Fiddlesticks!’ was all that Ned replied, as he began to load his pistol.

‘Does uncle allow you to have pistols?’ asked Tom.

‘You don’t think that I would be such a fool as to let him know that I had one?’

The Halletts were silent. They had never been

---

used to concealing things from their parents, and, boys as they were, and fond of fun, they did not approve of what their cousin was doing.

Ned rammed a bullet into his pistol, and putting on a cap, kept it at full cock.

'I wish I could see something respectable to fire at,' he said. 'It's no fun making holes in trees.'

'And I wish,' said Tom, 'that you wouldn't point that pistol this way, if you're going to keep it on full cock. You'll be letting it off presently, I shouldn't wonder, and I've no fancy for being your target.'

'Oh, you needn't be afraid.'

'Well, but really it isn't safe. I knew a fellow once that had a gun pointed at him, and—'

'I knew a rabbit once that had a gun pointed at it, and got blown all to pieces.'

'Do take care, Ned,' said Fred, noticing that Ned's finger was wandering about the trigger in a very dangerous way. 'Put it at half cock.'

'Thank you, and have to put off time cocking it if I see a bird.'

'Well then, point the muzzle to the ground, at least, if you will keep it at—'

Bang! The pistol had gone off in Ned's hand.

'There now, Ned! I told you that you would let it off. Hallo! Fred, what's the matter?' cried Tom.

Fred had staggered back against the trunk of a tree.

'I say—oh Ned! I declare you've shot him. Where is it? Oh Fred! are you badly hurt?'

Ned had turned very white the moment he saw what had happened.

'Oh, it's not much,' answered Fred faintly. 'Only my arm. Let us go home.'

Tom was somewhat assured when he heard Fred speak, but got frightened again when a stream of blood came down his brother's sleeve, and he gave a groan of pain as soon as he attempted to move.

'Stay here, Fred, and I'll run and get somebody to carry you if you can't walk,' said Tom eagerly. 'Oh Ned, why didn't you take care of that pistol?'

Ned looked as if you might have knocked him down with a feather.

'I didn't mean it,' he mumbled out.

'Never mind, Ned; it was an accident,' said Fred.

‘I can walk home quite well, Tom ; just let me lean on you with my left arm, and don’t go very fast.’

They moved off, Fred leaning on Tom’s shoulder ; but his right arm, which appeared to be hanging helplessly by his side, gave him so much pain that he was obliged to stop almost immediately. Then he got Ned to hold his right hand tightly, and prevent the wounded arm from swinging about, which seemed to relieve him a little, and they went on again.

The pain was fearful, but Fred bore it as quietly as he could, not wishing to trouble or alarm his companions. None of them spoke as they went along. Tom kept looking up into his brother’s face with eyes full of tears, for he was a boy who cried for his brother’s pain far more readily than for any hurt of his own. And as for Ned, you would have thought by his downcast, dejected look, that it was he who had met with an accident.

As soon as they reached the end of the wood, and emerged upon the open ground before the house, they came suddenly upon Mr. and Mrs. Hallett and Ella, and with them Uncle and Aunt Rendle, who



had just arrived. Ella was a little in advance of the others, and when she saw Fred's white face and blood-stained clothes she gave a little scream, which called the attention of the whole party, and in a minute the boys were surrounded by anxious faces.

'What has happened? What is the matter with you, Fred?—What is it, Ned? You are looking as white as he is.'

But Ned could not speak, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground; while Tom was too busy attending to his brother to answer immediately the numerous inquiries showered upon him.

'His arm is broken,' said Mr. Rendle, observing how helplessly it hung by his side. 'What *have* you been doing?'

'An accident,' faintly murmured Fred, looking with a smile into his mother's anxious face. 'Let us get home.'

So saying, he made an effort to walk on, but staggered and stopped, and then, overcome by the pain and loss of blood, fainted in his father's arms.

It would take up too much time to describe how alarmed they all were; how Fred was carried back

to the house as tenderly as possible ; how the whole story was got out of Tom on the way home ; and how the unhappy Ned wished that his pistol had been a hundred miles away that afternoon, and felt as if he should almost like the ground to open and swallow him up. It will be enough to say that in half an hour Fred was in his bed, and a servant was galloping away in search of the nearest doctor, who, however, was not at home, and did not arrive till nearly two hours after the accident.

On that Christmas day, for the first time since Fred and Tom were old enough to come down to dinner, the turkey and plum-pudding were not done justice to, and the merriment of the whole family was checked. Indeed there was very little said during dinner-time, except when Tom would exclaim, every two or three minutes, 'When *is* the doctor coming?'

As for poor Ned, he had slunk away to his own room as soon as he got home, and did not venture to show his face in the dining-room, and his aunt thought that it would perhaps be better to leave him alone. His feelings were certainly not to be

envied, though no one reproached him for his folly, and he was evidently overwhelmed by shame and sorrow.

Soon after dinner the doctor arrived, and at once pronounced Fred to be badly wounded. His arm was broken, and the ball was lodged in it near the shoulder. The arm was set, and the ball extracted ; but the doctor thought that there was great danger of fever coming on, and ordered perfect quiet to be kept in the house. Having done all that could be done, he went away, promising to come again in the morning.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Rendle heard the doctor's report, they determined not to stay any longer, as their presence could only be a trouble to Mrs. Hallett. So they set off at once, taking Ned with them. Then all the carriages full of their young friends, gaily dressed and eager for fun, had to be turned away, and the evening which was to have been spent so pleasantly, proved one of anxiety or disappointment to all.

When the doctor came next morning, he found Fred fast getting into a fever, and was obliged to

tell Mr. Hallett that he was in some danger. In a day or two it was known to every one in the house that Fred was seriously ill.

And he was ill for a long time. Long, sad days and nights these were indeed to his mother's anxious heart—nights when her son was scarcely expected to see another morning. There was a gloom over the whole family—a gloom which seemed to deepen every day, till at length the doctor gave Mr. Hallett the welcome news that he might thank God for having his son spared to him.

As for poor Ned, perhaps he was as anxious, and suffered as much as any one. Indeed he used to turn quite pale when a letter from Hallett House was opened, scarcely daring to guess what might be the news contained in it. His parents saw that his sorrow was evidently sincere, and that his own thoughts were a greater punishment than they could inflict, and so said nothing to him about his folly; trusting that he had received a lesson which would render him more obedient and careful for the future.

After a while the news became more encouraging. The patient was reported better and better, and one

day Ned was most unexpectedly delighted by a letter from Fred himself, written in a weak and shaky hand, in which the accident was not even mentioned. In reply to this, Ned sent off an enormous epistle, composed of three large sheets, wherein he declared his sorrow for what had happened, lamented his own folly, and quite overwhelmed Fred with professions of friendship, and promises to do all sorts of things for him. When he had posted this voluminous epistle, he felt as if a great weight had been taken off his heart; but, nevertheless, all his life Ned remembered those days of anxiety and remorse.

Fred went on getting better, surely but slowly, for his was not one of those strong constitutions which have a large stock of health and strength to draw on if necessary; on the contrary, he was rather delicate, and took a long time to grow strong again. However, as he wrote to Tom, who had by this time returned to school, about the middle of February he passed into 'the beef tea stage' of recovery, and in a week or two was promoted to chicken and beefsteaks. By March he was quite

convalescent, and with his arm in a sling could take a little walk every day, accompanied by Ella, who had a special charge not to allow him to go too far ; a restriction that he highly disapproved of, after having been so long deprived of the fresh air. At length, when the warm weather came in, he was pronounced perfectly cured, and returned to school, looking rather thinner, but, on the whole, not much the worse for the accident which had spoiled his Christmas.







## YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

**B**EFORE Fred and Tom Hallett were old enough to be sent from home, they used to go to a small private school in Exeter, riding on two shaggy ponies, called Jack and Jill, in wet weather, and making use of that more humble means of conveyance, 'Shanks-his-mare,' when it was fine. One bright autumn afternoon they were walking home from school after a manner peculiar to small boys. They would walk along quickly arm-in-arm for a little; by and by they would break into a run, and now they would stop for a minute, and laughingly wrestle with each other upon the grassy roadside; then they would set off once more, and presently, perhaps, stop again to look at something in the hedge. And unless they were in a particular hurry, this would continue till they got home.



Well, they had accomplished about half a mile in this manner, when a large, brightly painted carriage came rattling past them, and they both turned round to look after it.

‘There goes Mr. Jackson, the gentleman who has come to live in the large house on the other side of the hill,’ said Fred.

‘He’s not a gentleman at all!’ exclaimed Tom. ‘I heard mamma saying so. She said that he was very vulgar, and that he was only a rich shopkeeper; and she said too that he was very proud of his money, and would never speak to poor people. Papa is not proud, and he is always kind to poor people.’

‘Well, I thought he was a gentleman, because Mr. Fowler, who lived in that house before, was a gentleman.’

‘Oh, that has nothing to do with it. Mr. Jackson has lots of money, and he can live in that fine house if he likes; but he’s not a gentleman, for all that,’ asserted Tom, looking very wise.

‘But look here, Tom, we are gentlemen—at least papa is one: now I wonder what’s the difference between us and Mr. Jackson?’

---

‘Oh, don’t you know?’ cried Tom. ‘The difference is, that—just—papa is—I mean—the difference is—you know what I mean.’

‘No, I don’t,’ said Fred, laughing; ‘and I don’t think you do either.’

‘Well, of course there is a difference, you know. Papa has a crest, and he was born a gentleman, and he is polite and kind to everybody. It isn’t because he is rich, though, for I have often heard him say that money does not make a gentleman. And then, gentlemen ought always to be polite and kind and brave. Don’t you remember how the knights, long ago, used to be so brave, and they always helped anybody who was in distress, and were so polite to ladies, and never told lies? I wish I were a knight, and had a fine horse, and a long spear, and a sharp sword. I would ride about all day long, and if I saw anybody hurting another person, I would run at him, and stick him with my long spear.’

‘But perhaps he would stick you,’ suggested Fred.

‘Not a bit of him. Knights always win in

fight—at least good knights do. When I saw Mr. Jackson hitting a poor little boy with his whip yesterday because he did not open a gate fast enough, I wished that I had had a sword, and then I would have run at him, and made him beg the boy's pardon.'

'I think it's much more likely that he would have given you a good whipping too,' said Fred, laughing.

'Oh, you know nothing about it, Fred. I do wish that gentlemen now-a-days had swords and helmets, and rode about doing good to everybody.'

'But don't you think that we could do good to somebody without having swords or helmets?'

'Well, yes, perhaps we could; but you know it would be much more fine to be a knight.'

'Papa and mamma do a great deal of good. I daresay papa does a great deal more good than all the knights you talk off, for they were always killing people, and I am sure papa never killed any person in his life. And then, you know, knights didn't use to read the Bible, and they didn't go about and see poor sick people, as

mamma does. I think I would rather be a gentleman now-a-days than a knight.'

'Well, to be sure, they never read the Bible—at least, not that I ever heard of; but if they had read it, I daresay they would have done more good.'

'Then, Tom, we have read the Bible, and we should try to do all the good we can, because we are gentlemen—young gentlemen at least.'

'All right,' said Tom; 'we must see if we can't find somebody to help or do good to before we get home. Oh, look at that cat! See me hit it;' and Tom picked up a stone, but Fred caught hold of his hand.

'Oh Tom, knights didn't use to shy stones at poor cats, did they? At least I don't think gentlemen ought to do it.'

Tom laughed and let the stone drop, saying, 'I didn't mean to hurt the beast.'

Then they took a run along the road, and when they had gone forward a little, came up with a very small boy, who was dragging along a very large basket, and was evidently very tired.

‘Oh Tom,’ cried Fred, ‘just look at that boy. He can’t carry that great big basket, I’m sure ; I think we ought to go and help him to carry it.’

‘Go and carry a basket for a small cad !’ exclaimed Tom disdainfully. ‘No, I thank you.’

‘But I say, Tom, shouldn’t gentlemen always help those who can’t help themselves ?’

‘Oh yes, but not—you see—I’m not going to make a cad of myself.’

‘Well, I am, for the poor boy is just ready to drop. See, he is sitting down to take a rest.’

‘You can, if you like,’ said Tom, moving on ; while Fred went up to the little boy and said, ‘Aren’t you tired carrying that big basket ?’

‘Yes,’ he replied shyly. ‘It’s very heavy.’

‘Will you let me help you with it, then ?’

The little boy very gratefully assented, and Fred was just about to take up the basket when he saw Tom looking back and stopping, and then turning and coming towards them. He grinned as he came up, as if he were a little ashamed of himself, and whispered to Fred :

‘We’ll both be gentlemen now.’

---

Fred laughed, and asked the boy where the basket was to be carried to.

‘Wear Inn,’ he said; ‘and it has to get there before five o’clock.’

‘Oh, we’ll easily manage that. Wear is not much more than half a mile from this, and it can’t be half-past four now. Come along, Tom.’

So Fred and Tom took up the basket, and away they went, the little boy trotting beside them, highly delighted at being rid of his uncomfortable burden.

‘Where have you carried this basket from?’ asked Fred.

‘From the High Street.’

‘Aren’t you very tired?’

‘Yes.’

‘At all events, we’ll carry it all the rest of the way for you,’ said Tom.

‘Thank you.’

Then they went on for a good time in silence, for Fred and Tom could not think of anything to talk to the little boy about. At length they hit upon a fruitful subject of conversation.

‘Do you go to school?’ asked Tom.

‘Yes. I goes to Mr. Pratt’s school, in Weston. But us has holidays just now.’

‘Do you ever play at hockey at your school?’ asked Tom, after another pause.

‘Oh yes. Us plays at that very often.’

‘Can you play cricket?’ inquired Fred.

‘Yes. My brother Will has a bat and a ball, and Harry West has wickets. We have jolly games on Saturdays.’

So, talking about their games, a matter of common interest to them all, they walked on till they came to Wear Inn, and there deposited the basket. The boy set off on his return to Exeter, feeling very grateful towards Fred and Tom, who also turned and went on their way home.

But they had only gone a little way again when they met a blind old man creeping along the road, and apparently very anxious to find something. When he heard their footsteps, he said in a feeble voice :

‘Please, whoever’s there, to lead me to my cottage.’

---

‘I will, if you tell me where it is,’ said Fred.

‘It’s a little white house with a garden about it, and a rose tree trained up the front,’ said the blind man. ‘I have grown quite blind lately, and now I had just come out for a little walk, and I have quite lost my way. I don’t know where I am.’

‘Oh, that must be your house close by, just down the road,’ said Tom. ‘Has it got a tree in front cut into the shape of a peacock?’

‘Yes, that’s just it. My son did that—he that’s gone off to India with his regiment.’

‘Well, give us your hands and we’ll lead you there.’

‘Thank ye, thank ye, sirs, for I see that you are young gentlemen by the way you speak. It’s very kind of you to be so good to a poor blind man. I’m sure you’re real gentlemen, every bit of you.’

Fred and Tom each took hold of one of the poor man’s hands, and led him carefully along the road till they had brought him to his own cottage, and then, without waiting to hear the thanks which he showered on them, they took to their heels and



ran off, for they did not like to hear themselves praised.

When they turned the next corner they came upon a little girl, who was crying bitterly. At her feet lay a tin can, and a quantity of spilt milk told the rest of the tale. Fred and Tom asked what she was crying for, but for a little she only sobbed louder. At length they made out that she had been sent by her mother to buy twopenny worth of milk, which had been accidentally spilt, and that now she was afraid to go home.

‘Mother will be so angry,’ she sobbed.

Fred and Tom looked at each other. ‘I have a penny, and so have you,’ whispered Tom. ‘Let us give them to her, to buy some more milk.’

‘All right. Don’t cry,’ said Fred to the little girl; ‘here’s twopence for you to buy some more milk with.’

The little girl stopped crying instantly, and stood as if transfixed by surprise and delight, and the two boys felt fifty times happier than if they had spent their pennies upon sticky toffee or sour apples.

Off they scampered as hard as they could, to get home before tea-time, and as they were running, Tom said with great glee :

‘I say, Fred, we are real gentlemen to-day, at all events ; aren’t we?’







## THE POINT OF HONOUR.



### CHAPTER I.

**H**URRAH! Finished at last!' sang out Master John Brackenbury, one of a group of three boys who were sitting in one of the schoolrooms of Coleworth School on a September afternoon. There was no one else in the room, and the three were attentively regarding a roughly formed key, which work of art was apparently just receiving the finishing touches from a file which one of them held in his hand. This was a tall and dark boy, with rather a cunning and unprepossessing expression of countenance. His name was Howard Roberts, and he was a cousin of Brackenbury. The third, George Wyndham, was a pleasant-looking fellow, with blue eyes,

regular features, and a great deal of that curly light-brown hair which is peculiar to English boys. The only possible description of Master Brackenbury, commonly called 'Jack' or 'Brack,' is, that he was a careless, good-humoured-looking fellow, whose merry eyes spoke of 'larks' and impositions, and whose tongue, for ever in motion, proclaimed that its owner had neither the gift of silence, nor the possession of deep and erudite wisdom.

'Finished at last! Now for a lark!' cried Jack, with manifest tokens of delight and exultation. 'Ri tooral, ooral, ooral, diddle-de-dum!' he added, by way of strengthening his exclamation.

'Well, I'm game for anything you like,' said his cousin Roberts. 'Are you sure it will fit, though?'

'Sure as bricks. Chuck over the file, will you, George? I want to smooth down this rough place. Now I say, you fellows, what shall we do now that we can get out? What do you vote, George?'

'Well, I don't know,' answered Wyndham. 'You have never told me yet what it is the key of.'

Both the others burst out laughing.

'We'll tell you, but you mustn't let on to any-

body,' said Jack. 'It's the key of the master's garden, and we intend to get out some night and have some fun.'

'And I have thought of such a capital dodge,' said Roberts. 'We might get out about one o'clock and bag a whole lot of Old Hardy's plums. What do you say, Wyndham?'

'You don't think that I am going out to steal plums, do you?' cried George rather indignantly. 'I wish you had just told me what you were making that key for, and I would have had nothing to do with it.'

'Oh man, what's the use of being so particular?'

'You know quite well, Brack, that I don't like having anything to do with affairs of that sort. I wish you had never told me about it.'

'I didn't know you were so particular.'

'At all events, you mustn't tell anybody,' said Roberts. 'If we had thought you were going to tell, we should never have let you into the secret.'

'You needn't be afraid. I won't tell, but I would rather not have anything to do with your plans; and with that George Wyndham left the room.'

‘What a fool Wyndham is! I should never have let on to him, if I had thought he would have kicked up such a row,’ said Jack when he had gone.

‘Oh, never mind him. I vote we go and bag the plums all the same. Nobody will ever find out, and Wyndham won’t tell, of course.’

‘Oh, shut up, Howard. Robbing gardens is unanimously voted low. There’s no fun in that sort of thing, and it’s beastly caddish. It’s not the proper tip either—not correct; you know what I mean. Did you never read that beautiful thing Tennyson or Dr. Johnson, or one of those fellows, says :

“Him as prigs wot isn’t his’n,  
When he’s cotched ’ll go to pris’n?”

I should like some real lark, but none of your low dodges.’

‘Well then, let us go and break some of that old humbug Lowton’s cucumber-frames. It will pay him out nicely for telling Godfrey about that affair at the Warren Arms.’

‘Them’s the words of wisdom, and I second that resolution,’ said Jack. ‘He’s a horrid muff, that

Lowton. Do you remember, Howard, when he found us out of bounds with Arkley, how he looked glum at us out of his great goggles, and jawed away about all sorts of bosh for an hour? He told us that what he was saying was for our good.'

'Then we'll break his cucumber-frames for *his* good,' growled Roberts. 'Won't he be mad! You must take your catapult, and we will have a bombardment from the top of the wall. Oh, what fun!'

'All right. We'll do the business without Miss George's assistance. If you stay awake till eleven, I will till half-past twelve, and then we'll slip out while the other chaps are buried in the arms of—what's his name?'

'All right! But there goes the bell. Come along.'

The two conspirators now separated and went in to tea, after which followed preparation, so that they had not another opportunity of conversing until bed-time. Jack and Roberts slept in the same room, in which were also Wyndham and five others. When they were all ready, the captain of the room made a rattling sound upon the venti-



lator, which was the signal for the boys to say their prayers. This interval Jack and his cousin made use of to carry on a correspondence upon scraps of paper about their proposed nocturnal expedition. Jack was for revealing their plan to all the rest, but Roberts, who was of a suspicious and cautious disposition, wished to keep it secret. As in all cases of mischief the boys of the school were honoured with the first suspicions, he feared to be found out if he entrusted the plan to others, but hoped, by keeping it secret, to gratify his malice against Mr. Lowton with impunity. Moreover, as he and Jack had obtained leave to go and see his father, who was to be in the neighbourhood next day, he thought to escape an inquiry, if it should be instituted. Poor Jack had none of his cousin's cunning, and, eager for a lark, never reflected whether it were right or wrong, nor considered the chances of detection and punishment. However, he complied with Roberts' wish; and when prayers were over, they got into bed without saying a word about their intention to any one.

George Wyndham never supposed that his com-

---

panions really meant to carry their design into effect. He had not spoken to either of them since he left the room to escape Roberts' sneers, and now he fell into the refreshing sleep which happy and healthy boyhood enjoys, without thinking about the plot. But if he had remained awake, he would have seen Jack Brackenbury jump out of bed about twelve o'clock and awaken Roberts. The two then dressed themselves with great haste, and without much regard to their personal appearance, only speaking a few words under their breath. At length their preparations were completed, and they were just going to leave the room, when Jack said :

'What have you put on that greatcoat for? It ain't yours, is it? No, I say, it's George Wyndham's. You'd better leave it.'

'Hush! Never mind. It's a jolly big one, and I want something of the kind to keep me warm. Wyndham will never know.'

Jack made no further objection, but led the way out of the bedroom, which opened into a large hall. Noiselessly crossing this, with their boots in

their hands, they pushed open a little door, which admitted them to a flight of steps leading down to the ground floor. Arrived at the bottom, they came to a small window, which was easily opened by pushing back the catch. Leaving it open, they then dropped down into a garden, at the end of which they found a small door which was locked. Roberts produced the key which we have seen them fabricating, and unlocked it. Then having passed out and shut, but not locked, the door, the boys put on their boots, and scampered down the road.

After they had gone about three hundred yards they turned up a path leading through some fields, and presently arrived under a low garden wall.

‘Now,’ said Roberts, ‘give me a leg up, and I will get over and see where these frames are. I don’t know exactly ; but when I have found them I shall whistle to you, and you must shy over some stones to me. Then, when we’ve smashed them, you must get up on the wall and help me back.’

‘All right,’ said Jack ; ‘fire away.’

Roberts got up to the top of the wall, and



dropped into the garden. There was a crash of bushes heard, showing that he had not alighted on his feet.

‘Hallo, old fellow, what’s the row?’ said Jack in a loud whisper. ‘Got a spill?’

‘Ah, it’s no matter. Now look out for my whistle.’

Master Jack was now left to his own reflections, which was a most uncommon predicament with him. It was very cold, he thought. If it wasn’t for the fun, he would rather be in bed at school. While making that key, he had never thought of getting out at night to do mischief; and now, when he thought of it, there was no use in breaking Lowton’s frames. The old boy was an awful muff, but he certainly did once protect Jack, then a very small boy, from a big bully who was licking him. It was a shame. George Wyndham was right. He was a jolly fellow, George, and it was a shame to humbug him. Roberts said he was a muff because he read a chapter of the Bible every day. But Roberts wasn’t half so good at football as George was;

and, after all, those awfully particular fellows were not so bad. Cholmondeley, who was captain last year, always read the Bible, they said. Oh, hang it, what was the use of breaking Lowton's frames? He would be shot if he would, after all. Such was the train of Jack's thoughts; and accordingly, hearing Roberts' whistle close by, he said:

'I say, look here. What's the fun of smashing this chap's frames? I think it's all bosh, and I vote to cut back. The whole fun's in coming out, you know, not in breaking things and climbing over walls.'

To his surprise, Roberts made no opposition to his proposal, but answered:

'All serene. I'll come over, and we'll go back.'

Just then, a window in the house was opened, and Mr. Lowton, in full evening dress of spectacles, bedgown, and nightcap, looked forth into the garden, which was now clearly lighted by the almost full moon. Roberts shrank behind some bushes, but not before he was espied by Mr. Lowton, who immediately cried out as loud as he could:

‘Robbers! Robbers! Help! Police! John, John, get your gun. They are in the gooseberry bushes beside the peach tree. I see one lying down!’

Roberts, finding that he was seen, and terrified by the mention of John’s gun, jumped up and attempted to climb over the wall. But he found it no easy task, and was obliged to ascend by the boughs of a small peach tree nailed against the wall, several of which, in his hurry, he broke. When he reached the top, fancying that he heard the dreaded John and his gun behind him, he leapt down, and fell into a great puddle of water by the side of the astonished Jack Brackenbury, who lost no time in picking the flying hero up. They then started off for the school as fast as possible, the shouts of Mr. Lowton and his alarmed household pursuing them and spurring their steps to a speed which would have won the prize at the races any day.

‘Well, here’s a go!’ said Jack when they had got some distance, and paused to take breath. ‘I say, Howard, you have got all wet; and what a mess George’s coat is in!’ I told you that you shouldn’t

take it. What's that the pockets are filled with? You must find it heavy.'

'Oh, fives-balls, I daresay—some of Wyndham's trumpery.'

'I say, let's look. If they are fives, I shall ask George to give me one or two, for I am cleaned out just now, and haven't got one. What on earth does he want with so many balls? Let me look if they are fives.'

'Oh, bother, Jack! don't keep us waiting. Let us get on as fast as we can, or we shall be nabbed. What ever tempted you to think of making that key?'

'Why, our butler. He's an awfully clever chap, and can make the rummest things out of—'

'Well, I'll hear that another time. Come on.'

They arrived at the garden door without further adventure, and got into the school again in the same way as they had left it. But, as they were crossing the hall, a door opened, and some one looked out and said:

'Who's there?'

The two boys made no answer to this interroga-

tion, but crouched down in the shadow of a pillar until the door was shut and all was quiet again, when they regained their room in safety. Without speaking, lest they should awaken any of the others, they got into bed, and soon fell asleep. Jack, at least, did; but when he was fairly asleep, Roberts rose quietly from his bed, and carefully locked away in his trunk something which he took from the pocket of Wyndham's greatcoat. He then returned to his bed, and slept, this time, in reality.

Now the person who had caused them a momentary alarm in the hall was one of the masters, whose real name was Phillips, but who was always alluded to as the 'Donkey' by his undutiful and disrespectful subjects. The reason of this honourable designation was, that though Mr. Phillips was crammed full of every language and science, he was quite confused and incompetent when called upon to perform any of the common duties of life. When his wits were wanted for any trivial matter, they had to be fetched down from a lofty height of *ologies* and the most puzzling and crabbed species of *atics*, before they could be brought to bear upon it. Altogether, his



genius was cumbrous and unwieldy ; and though it could go crashing and smashing through the apparently invincible lines of a Greek play, yet the smallest craft in the school could elude and foil this great hulk, just as the English ships attacked in safety the huge vessels of the Armada. Of course his inefficiency was well known ; and if boys were ever caught by him doing any mischief, they knew that, before he could exactly comprehend the affair, his attention would be directed to some abstruse question : so Jack and Roberts never thought that they would be detected by Old Donkey, and went to bed without bestowing a second thought upon his appearance. But Mr. Phillips, who had been denied sleep for that night by a puzzling question in some mysterious science, had, in his own opinion, heard the sound of feet and voices ; and although he could not discover the owner or owners of the same, yet he was not satisfied, nor did his mind rest when he shut the door. He had really heard a sound, and, after long reflection, it seemed therefore proved to him that the sound must have existed. It then occurred to him that there ought to be no sound

---

at that time of night, and therefore that something unusual must have occurred. His next conclusion was, that as the persons producing the sound had not come forward to explain their conduct, there must be something wrong in it. Finally, after long deliberation and reflection, he determined to go to see if he could throw any light upon this singular circumstance, and accordingly went first into the bedroom, where our friends were by this time fast asleep. Having entered the room, he was about to walk up it, when he stumbled upon a coat which was lying on the floor, and, putting down his hands to save himself from falling, he found that it was quite wet. This struck him with astonishment, more especially when he saw, holding it up in the moonlight, that it was covered with fresh mud. Mr. Phillips stood astounded for some time, but at length, seeing that there was the evidence of something wrong in it, he resolved to carry it away to his own room, and to take counsel next morning with some other master about it; the first part of which resolution he immediately carried into effect.



## CHAPTER II.

**N**EXT morning there was a regular row, as the phrase is, in Coleworth School. Mr. Lowton had waited early upon Dr. Godfrey, the head-master, to complain that some very fine peaches had been stolen from his garden, and the tree broken by a lad who, he was certain, was one of the boys of the school. Great injury had been done to the tree, which was a particularly rare specimen; and Mr. Lowton being rather excited, made use of not very moderate language with regard to the school discipline. Dr. Godfrey, who was very angry at the imputation and the remarks accompanying it, immediately called a meeting of the masters, and laid the matter before them, giving it as his opinion that the boys had nothing to do with it. But some discoveries had been made which tended to strengthen the suspicion. The master's

garden had been found to be marked with recent footsteps leading from the garden door to one of the windows. Some of the masters had heard footsteps during the night, and all along the hall there were traces of fresh mould, which were continued into dormitory No. 1. The suspicion arising from these facts became almost certainty when Mr. Phillips announced that he had found a wet and muddy greatcoat on the floor of this same room. The coat was recognised, from the name written inside, as belonging to George Wyndham, whom Dr. Godfrey immediately set down, in his own mind, as the culprit, having an old grudge against him for accidentally knocking off his 'mortar board' one day with a snowball. It will be seen that Dr. Godfrey was by no means a very desirable master, for he was harsh and unforgiving, and was too apt to put petty tricks and mistakes in the same rank with crimes of a worse description. Not of a very malicious temper, he had a great regard for himself, and was in the habit of disliking a boy merely because he fancied that he had been disrespectful. Add to this that he was cold and polite

almost to a ridiculous degree, and it may be conceived that there was not much love lost between master and pupils. Such was the master of Coleworth.

There now appeared more evidence against George. A master who had gone into one of the schoolrooms the previous day to fetch a book, remembered seeing him, with two others, making a key with a file. He particularly noticed their occupation, and that one of them, whose face had been turned towards him, was George Wyndham. The other two he did not recognise. Here was the opening of the door explained. George was therefore summoned to answer for himself, though his own form-master, Mr Campion, expressed his full conviction that he would be able to explain these very suspicious circumstances.

George Wyndham soon entered the room, and was very much surprised when he heard the charge brought against him. Dr. Godfrey summed up the evidence, and concluded by saying :

‘ It seems perfectly certain that some boys of this school have disgraced themselves by per-

forming this piece of mischief, and as certain that you have been one of them. The only way by which you may lighten your punishment will be to confess your participation, and to yield up the names of your wretched associates. I never thought that there were any but gentlemen at Coleworth, and am deeply grieved to find how ill founded my pride and confidence were.'

George flushed up, as he always did when he was indignant, and he answered shortly :

'I had nothing to do with it, sir.'

'Do not add a lie to your disgraceful conduct. You did do it, sir; I feel perfectly satisfied that you did,' thundered Dr. Godfrey.

'Appearances are certainly against you, Wyndham,' said Mr. Campion; 'but perhaps you can account for the wet greatcoat and the other circumstances which form our evidence. I cannot believe you to be a thief, even on such strong proofs.'

'Thank you, sir,' said George with a smile. 'I say that I had nothing to do with it. I am not a thief!'

'Don't get into a passion!' said Dr. Godfrey.

‘We will decide the matter by the plain facts, and not by your protestations and haughty looks.’

‘You say that you had nothing to do with it, but perhaps you may know who had?’ said another master.

George looked on the floor, and was silent.

‘Do you hear, sir?’ said Dr. Godfrey. ‘Do you know who has done this?’

George now became very red, and answered in a confused manner:

‘No—not exactly—I think I do.’

‘Upon whom, then, do your suspicions fall? Beware of deceiving me.’

‘I would rather not say, sir.’

‘What! Oh, then you know all about it, and refuse to inform me. It is too evident that you were concerned in it; and unless you reveal the whole matter, you will be punished for it.’

‘I can’t tell you, sir.’

‘This is impertinence. George Wyndham, go to your room, and remain there for the rest of the day. I shall speak to all the school, and unless some one confesses the whole truth to me, you

leave this school to-day, for a thief may remain in it no longer.'

'Do speak out and tell the truth!' said Mr. Campion earnestly.

George shook his head, and, in obedience to a second command from Dr. Godfrey, went up to his room.

He had been so taken aback by this sudden accusation, that he had not had time to think about it; but now he began to reflect upon his position. He had no doubt that Roberts and Brackenbury were the authors of the mischief, but ought he to tell upon them? If he did not, the master was sure to carry his threat into effect, more especially as he was by no means a favourite with that dignitary. It would be hard to leave the school and all his friends; and why should he suffer for others when he was perfectly innocent? His own expulsion would hurt and annoy his family even more than himself. Roberts and Brackenbury were always doing something wrong, and they ought to be punished. But then the secret of the key and the plan for going out had been revealed to him



in that unsuspecting confidence which schoolboys ever hold sacred ; and should he break that ? Roberts and Brackenbury had opened their hearts to him, in the full understanding that he would not tell upon them ; and certainly, in honour, he was bound to preserve their secret. George could not for a little make up his mind which course he ought to follow, but he determined to do what was right, come what might. 'I wish I had never known anything about their secrets !' sighed George. Then he began to think whether the Bible said anything which might bear upon the matter, and could only remember two verses : 'Provide things honest in the sight of all men,' and 'A tale-bearer revealeth secrets ; but he that is of a faithful spirit, concealeth the matter.' At length he made up his mind. The two cousins were away spending the day with a relative, but when they came back, perhaps they might confess and save him. At all events, he determined to suffer any punishment rather than breathe a word of the very strong suspicions which he had.

'I promised not to tell, and I won't,' he said to

himself, and resolved to stick to his first answer. He felt quite composed now, and sat reading till the hour of twelve released his companions from Homer and Virgil, and sent them running and shouting into the playground. Not one came near him, being, in fact, forbidden to do so; but presently William, the school servant, commonly called Bill Rufus, from his brilliant capillary attractions, appeared with a message from Dr. Godfrey, who wished to know if Wyndham still refused to give him the information which he requested. George told Bill to reply that he would say nothing more than he had already said, and added:

‘I say, Rufus—I mean William—do tell me if the fellows believe that I did this?’

‘Not one of them. They all say that you have nothing to do with it; and I think so too. I have been used to young gentlemen this twenty years come October, and I never saw one so unlikely to be picking and stealing as you, Master Wyndham, though you were caned the other day for making such a row in the fourth-form room; and such a dust as there was, and Dr. Godfrey coming in too!

And that reminds me that he is awfully waxy about this business—far more than when you can't say your Virgil or your *amo*, and all the other Greek nouns. And sure learning's a very fine thing, and by it some day you'll all come to be grand and mighty doctors, and order about poor chaps like me, which reminds me that I am ordered to tell you to pack up your things if you won't answer, and a trap is to come for you at five o'clock, to take you down to the train. Now I daren't stay, for I was to come back immediately; and, Master Wyndham, I'm very sorry you are in a row, and I hope you'll get out of it all right.'

Having uttered this long expression of his thoughts and feelings, without much regard to the rules of punctuation, William went away. He was quite a character, and at any other time George would have been greatly amused by his oddities; but now he was in no laughing mood, for his fate seem decided, unless Roberts and Brackenbury confessed. So he must be expelled, and perhaps the truth would never come to light. He knew

that his family would believe in his innocence ; but many others, who did not know him so well, would think ill enough of him when they heard that he had been expelled from Coleworth School for stealing peaches. It was hard to bear, he thought, but he tried not to think of it, and set about packing up his clothes. William brought him his books at five o'clock, and informed him that the fly was now waiting, and that the master wished to see him before he left. With a bold heart and a resolved mind he went into the dreaded presence. Dr. Godfrey gave him a long lecture, pointing out the heinousness of the crime, which it was evident that he had committed, and his own clemency in not making the punishment of a more public character. Finally, the master bade George a cold adieu, with many expressions of pity and advice, which made his blood flush up to his face, and his teeth close tighter upon his clenched lips. But he restrained himself, and without a tear walked out of the room, and was driven off from Coleworth School.

Mr. Campion, the master of George's form,

could not yet bring himself to believe that his favourite had been guilty of such an act ; and after vainly endeavouring to procure a mitigation of the punishment from Dr. Godfrey, he began to think if he could not discover the truth for himself. Accordingly he paid a visit to the bedroom in which our friends slept, and carefully looked round it in hopes of seeing something which might cast some light on the matter. He was accidentally struck by seeing a number of pieces of paper lying beside two of the beds, and, picking them up, he saw upon one the word 'Lowton's,' which led him to examine them closely. They were all scrawled over in pencil, and, after a little trouble, he found some which fitted together and formed the following note :

'Are you still game for Old Lowton's to-night ?'

Some other pieces made :

'Don't tell Wyndham, or he will carry on just as he did when we asked him to come. He won't tell, I know, and we—'

The rest of this was not to be found.

When Mr. Campion had read these notes, he thought that he saw a solution of the mystery. He

recognised the first of them as the handwriting of Brackenbury ; the second, he thought, looked like that of Roberts. In fact he had picked up some of the fragments of the notes which these two had written to one another the previous evening, while the rest were at prayers. Elated with his discovery, Mr. Campion rushed down with the pieces to Dr. Godfrey, who, having examined them, was obliged to admit that there was something to be made out of their contents.

‘I think I know the writing of each,’ said Mr. Campion, ‘but, at all events, I have the form’s verses in my pocket, and we will see if there are any written in the same hands. Ah! Just as I thought,’ he continued, when he had looked over the bundle of verses ; ‘there they are—Roberts and Brackenbury. It is quite evident. And both those boys have been absent from the school to-day, so they have not known that Wyndham was accused.’

‘True. But, if I remember rightly, I only gave them leave till five o’clock, so they should be here by this time. Will you have the goodness to order William to send them to me as soon as they arrive?’

At this very moment Roberts and Brackenbury were entering the gates of the school. They then separated, and Jack went in search of some one of his acquaintances to whom he might confide the day's adventures. But the court into which he went was quite empty, and only one little boy came running out, and said :

'I say, Brackenbury, Bill Rufus is looking for you everywhere. I think the master wants you.'

'Walker!' answered Jack dubiously, for he was an old bird, and not to be caught with his own chaff. But William appearing, and confirming the intelligence, Jack was obliged to go away, not much perturbed by the summons, however, as it was with him quite a common occurrence. Being used to get into scrapes, his thoughts did not recur to his last night's escapade, and he was therefore greatly astonished when the master said sharply :

'Brackenbury, did you steal Mr. Lowton's peaches last night?'

'No—I really didn't, sir. I never stole his peaches.'

'Take care, now. Were you out of the school?'

Jack was neither deceitful nor cowardly by nature ; and, besides, he saw that the master knew all, so he answered boldly :

‘ Yes, sir.’

‘ Ah ! we are getting at the truth now. There has been a complaint made by Mr. Lowton that some of the boys last night stole his peaches and destroyed a valuable tree. Against one boy very strong evidence was discovered, and as he refused to confess the truth and reveal the names of his associates, he has been expelled from this school. That boy was George Wyndham. But I have since made some discoveries which tend to throw suspicion upon you and to exculpate him. Now confess all that you know, and beware of deceiving me.’

While Dr. Godfrey was speaking thus, Jack’s face had exhibited unmistakeable signs of guilt, and then of amazement, at hearing of George Wyndham’s scrape. When the master had finished, he burst out :

‘ What *have* you done, sir ? He never did it. I and Rob—another fellow—did it. We never stole



any peaches, though ; I assure you we didn't. We went to the garden to break his cucumber-frames ; only I thought we had better not, and then we came back. But George wouldn't come when we asked him, because he said it was wrong.'

Jack was evidently very sorry that George had been falsely accused, and made a full confession of the circumstances, only still maintaining that they had not stolen the peaches. Dr. Godfrey now saw that George was innocent, and repented of his harshness and hastiness. While he was examining Jack, a small knock was heard at the door. A sudden idea seized him. He motioned to Jack to walk into an inner room, and then cried out 'Come in,' at which Roberts entered with an appearance of indifference, but with a guilty and fearing heart, for he had met fellows who had informed him of what had passed.

'I believe you wished to speak to me, sir,' he said in a subdued and respectful voice.

'Oh yes,' answered the master. 'I wished to know if you were out last night after bed-time.'

'No, sir.'

‘Then was Brackenbury, do you happen to know?’

‘No, sir. He was not out either, I’m sure.’

‘You have told me a lie,’ said Dr. Godfrey quietly.

Roberts grew very red ; but what were his feelings when Jack was called from the inner room and confronted with him ! His assumed calmness now forsook him, and he offered to confess all. Still, however, he tried to equivocate ; but Jack, who was now disgusted with his cousin’s duplicity and meanness, corrected him, and insisted on telling the whole truth. At length, Roberts, seeing that he was detected, and that it was as well to tell all, confessed to having taken the peaches without saying anything to Jack, who, he thought, might not like it. He also confessed that he had known of George’s expulsion when he had denied that he was out of the school, which, of course, made his crime far worse. Finally, after making the whole affair plain, the wretched coward burst into tears and howled for mercy. He had deceived his own companion about the peaches ; and, when he heard that George was expelled for refusing to tell, he had resolved, trusting in his silence, not to confess.

When he understood the whole truth of the matter, Jack Brackenbury was thoroughly disgusted with his cousin and with himself, and saw how foolish and wicked his conduct had been. Roberts was a scamp of the first water; but Jack, though easily led astray by evil companions, was not what would be called a bad boy, and he now resolved that, in future, he would imitate and associate with fellows who were neither fond of carrying on 'larks' which the masters would not approve of, nor of telling lies. Up to this time, Jack had always thought that 'jolly fellows' were those who broke all laws, and disregarded all authority in pursuit of 'fun;' but Roberts' meanness did more than twenty 'jawings' would have done to remove this notion, and to show him that boys who scrupled to do what the masters thought wrong, were not of necessity 'sneaks' or 'muffs.' So the two boys stood waiting while Dr. Godfrey was deliberating what their punishment should be.

In the meantime the boys were all standing outside in a crowd, for there was a report that something had turned up in George Wyndham's favour,

---

and George was liked by nearly every fellow in the school; so there was some anxiety to hear if it was true. After a while Mr. Campion came out and said hurriedly :

‘Wyndham is cleared. Could any of you run to the station before the train goes, and bring him back? You have quite ten minutes.’

‘Hurrah!’ shouted the whole crowd, and started off with one accord to the station, which was about a mile distant. Away they all went to the station, breaking bounds without fear, and rushing up the green lanes at a splendid pace. The smaller ones soon dropped behind, but the two best runners in the school reached the station just before the train arrived, and burst upon George with the welcome tidings. One by one the rest of the school came up, and made such a noise congratulating, hurrahing, and so forth, that the passengers in the train, which just then came up, were perfectly bewildered. Then they bore George back in triumph, and the procession entered the grounds of the school as the tea-bell was ringing.





## AN ADVENTURE WITH BRIGANDS.

**S**IR,—I have just got a letter from Jack Brackenbury, who was at our school, and it has got such a jolly storey in it about brigands, that I send it to you to be printed, if you like. I hope you are quite well.

C. THOMPSON.

*P.S.*—If there is any mistake in Jack's spelling or grammar, please excuse them; because he has only been at Coleworth three halves, and used to be educated by a tutor.

*P.S.*—Heer is Jack's letter. Jack is living in France, you know.

‘MY DEAR CHARLEY,—You know that I am not a great hand at writing letters. But now I can’t

help writing to tell you of a wonderful and exciting adventure which happened to Dick and me here.

‘I suppose you heard that we had all gone to pass the winter at Nice, where I am writing this letter? We have been here about a month now. My sisters think it an awfully *nice* place, but I can’t say that I do. It was jolly enough at first; but somehow a fellow grows tired of being abroad, and wishes to get back to a respectable, civilised country like England. My opinion is, that the French are a queer lot; and so are their houses, and so are their dinners. As to the language, I know very little about it, though Dick and I nearly break our jaws every day trying to learn it. I don’t think much of the French boys either,—stuck-up, thin, white-faced creatures, in glazed boots and gold-laced hats, and so forth. But we have not much to do with them, for we and about a dozen other English boys go to school with an English clergyman, who is staying here, in bad health. Most of the English people here are in bad health, you know. It is quite like a regular

school,—Homer and Horace, and cane, and impositions too, as I know by experience.

‘Well, the other day we had a whole holiday, because the Emperor of the French came to see the Emperor of Russia. He stayed two days, and the people were all in a great state of excitement, though papa said he couldn’t understand why they made such a fuss about a tyrannous usurper. My big brother Bob, though, said that papa was quite wrong, and that Louis Napoleon is a true friend of liberty and progress, and all that sort of thing; and they have regular arguments every day after dinner. I don’t know which of them is right, but I know that the Emperor is a jolly fat old fellow, and that Dick and I had great fun helping to light up the front of the hotel at the illumination which they got up for him.

‘At all events we got a holiday, and at first we didn’t know what to do with ourselves. We were quite sick of promenading up and down the Promenade des Anglais in our best clothes, and wanted to go a regular jolly walk somewhere. Bob advised us to go up the mountain to Turbia, which



is about eleven miles from Nice. He said it was a very pretty place, and quoted a verse from Tennyson, which I don't recollect. We jumped at the idea at once, and resolved to set off very early in the morning, and stay away all day. Papa was afraid that we should lose our way; but Dick said that he would take the little gold compass Aunt Mary gave him, and so there would be no danger. Mamma asked if there were not any brigands up the mountain, but we told her it was all nonsense about brigands, though secretly we rather hoped that we might meet with some. When we did really meet them, though, I can tell you we wished ourselves far enough. But hold hard, I am going too fast ahead.

‘Well, we got leave to go, on condition we were back by three o'clock; and next morning we took an early breakfast and set off. We started half an hour before the diligence; and as nearly the whole road is up-hill, we got to Turbia just before that respectable old vehicle, which is not called the diligence because of its speed, I can tell you. If Cæsar did set out into Gaul, *summa diligentia*,

on the top of the diligence, he did not travel with the greatest diligence. Please laugh at this joke.

‘It was an awfully jolly walk up the mountain, and then it was splendid to see the sea lying far down below us, and tempting a fellow to think that he would like to spend all his life bathing. We got to Turbia, which is only a small village, and there sat in great state at the door of the inn drinking lemonade, eating bread and grapes (not bad grub when you are hungry, I can tell you), and looking at a lot of small boys, who were playing a game something like hockey, in an open place beside the road. Of course we were quite great people, and excited great curiosity and admiration among the good people of Turbia, who came round us, staring and begging. Dick says that the admiration was all for him, but it’s quite the other way.

‘We stayed here a good while, sitting at the inn door, and afterwards playing with the juvenile population, for Dick and I managed to get two sticks, and joined the game, much to their astonishment. We couldn’t speak a word of their language

to them; at least we tried it on, but they only laughed at us. That was no matter, though. The game was suddenly interrupted by all the boys running off to see a pig getting killed, and then we began to think that we had better be setting off home. So we paid for our grub at the little inn, and began to go down the hill.

‘Before we had gone far, Dick said to me: “I say, Jack, I wonder if there are any birds’ nests hereabouts!”

“Birds’ nests!” says I; “I should think not; and, besides, there would be no eggs at this time of the year.”

“Never mind. I have heard that there are eagles’ nests in the Alps, and I should so like to find one. We can look after their eggs in spring. Come on, man, let’s climb up some of these rocks and look for one.”

‘Well, like a fool that I was, I didn’t make any objection, and we left the road and began scrambling all over the rocks. We didn’t find any nests, but we found some very pretty flowers, and the climbing was jolly fun; so on we went, till we began to think

it would be time to turn back and get to the road. So we turned back, as we thought, and scrambled back again.

“I say, Jack,” said Dick when we had gone some distance, “I didn’t think we had gone so far from the road.”

‘We went on for ten minutes more, but no road was to be seen, and on yet, and at length we began to see that we had lost our way. Then Dick fetched out his compass, and found out the north ; but then it suddenly struck us that we didn’t know whether Nice lay north, south, east, or west ; so this was no good to us. You see our geography education had been neglected, or rather we had neglected it.

‘A pretty funk we were now in, wandering about among heaps of bare rocks with not a soul in sight. To add to our misfortunes, it began to rain ; and when it rains here, it *does* rain, and no mistake ; so we were soon wet through. It’s all very well to think of this sort of thing as a fine adventure, but I can tell you we felt uncommonly miserable. I looked all round to see if I could find something

to guide us, and Dick put his hands up to his mouth and cried out as loud as he could.

‘Scarcely had he done this, when two men started up from behind a rock close beside us, with cocked guns in their hands. No sooner did Dick see them, than he shouted out “Brigands!” and cut like mad, and so did I; but the fellows howled after us, and we were so afraid of their firing at us, that we stopped and allowed them to make up with us. Up they came, jabbering away and looking fearfully blood-thirsty. I began to make signs to them that we had lost our way, and wanted to go back to our family; and wound up by crying out, “You won’t kill us, will you?” The biggest of the two seemed to understand, but he said fiercely, “*Oui, oui*,” at which Dick threw himself on his knees, and offered them his gold compass and ten-bladed knife if they would let us off. But they pushed them back, and said, “*Non, non*,” and then shouldered their guns and made signs for us to follow them.

‘Of course we daren’t refuse; for we knew they would shoot us if we attempted to run away. Oh! you don’t know how frightened we were, though at

---



“ Dick threw himself on his knees, and offered them his gold compass and ten-bladed knife if they would let us off.”—STORIES ABOUT BOYS, Page 254.



the same time there was a sort of romance about the thing. If we could only have got off safe, it would have been so jolly to have been taken by brigands, and all you fellows would have been so jealous. But there was no chance of getting off, and we followed the ruffians over miles and miles of rocks, till we were fit to drop, and thought we should never reach their cave alive ; but if ever we lagged behind, one of them would turn round and say something, which we supposed was some awful threat. It was now getting dark, and we were more miserable than ever when we thought of how anxious they would all be at home ; for we had promised to be home by three o'clock, you know.

‘At length, much to our surprise, they led us out upon the road, and began trudging towards Nice. We now made up our minds that, the first person we met, we would set up a tremendous row and try to get rescued.

‘Well, we hadn’t gone far when a carriage comes tearing along, with our brother Bob in it. It pulled up, and we rushed to him like lightning ; but, to our amazement, the brigands, instead of showing



fight or running off, began to laugh and to jabber away to Bob, who then cried out, "What mischief have you two been up to, losing yourselves, and putting us all in such a fright? I am glad I have picked you up, though I don't know what would have become of you if it hadn't been for these two honest fellows here, who have taken such trouble to show you the right way."

'And lo, and behold! it all came out. They weren't brigands at all, but only two men out shooting sparrows, for there's not an unfortunate little bird can escape being shot and eat in this country.

'To finish my long story. Bob gave the men something for their trouble, and they took leave of us with many grins and bows (for, after all, they were not such fierce-looking fellows when you came to look at them). Then we got into the carriage and drove straight home, and found mamma and all of them in an awful state of mind. We were glad enough, I can tell you, to sit down to a jolly good tea; but still we couldn't help feeling disgusted at our grand romance about the brigands turning out to be all nonsense. However, it was a bit of an adventure.

‘My father is always holding forth about sensational literature and the depravity of the public taste. I think this would make a splendid sensational story. Beats Mayne Reid hollow, doesn’t it? I wish some fellow who is up to that sort of thing, would turn it into a three-volumed novel. I believe you pay £1, 11s. 6d. for these novels, so you ought to fork out and send me that sum; or if you can’t afford so much, I’ll be content with the sixpence, and let you off the odd pound and shillings.

‘Dick sends all sorts of compliments to you, and desires me to tell you that I am only speaking for myself when I say we were frightened. He says he wasn’t, but I know better.

‘Give my love to Old Phillips, and tell him that this letter would have been better written if he hadn’t given me so many impositions to write out at Coleworth.

‘And I don’t think I have anything else to say, except that I am—Yours truly,

‘J. BRACKENBURY.’

1

2

3

4

5



## 'OUR BEN.'

**M**Y DEAR SIR,—I have got another leter from Jack Brackenbury, and I send it to you to be printed in your maggesine ; only don't print it in the coppy you send to Jack, bekause I think he will be angrey, espeshally if you put a pikture at the top, of Jack in a kilt and bair legs dancing on the top of a mountain.

This comes hopping to find you well. From your affectionate

C. THOMPSON.

*P.S.*—You will see that Jack's spelin and grammer hasn't impruved. I couldn't take the trubbil of corekting it, but I have put in notes of my own to explane what Jack means. You will esily tell my bits from the rest of Jack's leter ; but that their

may be no mistake, I have put my inishulls after my notes.

*N.B.*—My inishulls are C. T.

'MY DEAR CHARLEY,—The last time I wrote to you, it was about our adventure at Nice with the brigands, and it was a horrid shame of you to send my letter to the editor of a magazine. Didn't I open my eyes when I saw it in print? Mind you don't have this letter printed. Modesty is ever the accompaniment of true genius. (That's cribbd out of a cobby-book.—C. T.)

'That happened in winter; but when the warm weather came, we left Nice, and took up our quarters in this place in the Highlands, and a very jolly place it is too.

'Do you remember the ideas which we used to have about the Highlands? We thought they were a barren, desolate country, where nobody lived but robbers and half-dressed savages. Wasn't it fun humbugging that Scotch fellow, Macdonald, who came to Coleworth the half before I left? The great joke was to ask him if he felt uncom-

---

fortable in trousers, and if he didn't miss the oat-cakes and the bagpipes; and then he used to get very savage, and tell us that we knew nothing about it, and that if we ever went to the Highlands we should not be in any hurry to leave them. Well, do you know he was right? for we have been living here two months, and I wish I had two years more to stay. I think this is the jolliest place I ever was at in my life. Such fun to get up early in the morning, and away up some heathery hill, or out on the loch in a boat to have a bathe; then in to breakfast! And don't we just pitch into the porridge and the salmon and the cold grouse! Porridge and milk isn't half a bad thing, let me tell you, when it's rightly made; but the gruel-stuff called porridge in England isn't a bit like it. We catch the salmon in the river, and papa and my brother Bob shoot the grouse. If we come back here next year, I'm to be allowed to shoot. Then, after breakfast, off we go in the boat again, and have another bathe; indeed we bathe all day long, first in the salt water of the loch, and then in the river to wash the salt off

us, and then in the sea again, to give us another excuse for bathing in the river. Or else we go nutting with mamma and the girls, or take them a row. Dinner is at one o'clock, and after that we walk to the post-office to get the letters, or to meet papa and Bob coming down from the moor. Then, after tea, we all sit at the door and see the sun setting, making the sea shine like gold, and lighting up the tops of the mountains with the most lovely colours. Sometimes we go out at nights in the fishing-boats, and fish for whiting with deep-sea lines—not bad fun. We have our rods, of course, and I caught a salmon-trout, nearly two pounds weight, the other day. Then we have a pony, which my brother and I ride about; so we are never in want of something to do. It rains sometimes, but we don't care a bit; and are out all day, whatever weather it is. Oh, the Highlands is an awfully nice place; and I would advise you to come there some day, if you get a chance. (Why doesn't he invite me to pay him a visit then?—C. T.)

'There are two fellows we go about with a good

deal—the sons of the minister of the place. They are regular Scotch boys, with kilts and red hair, but very jolly fellows. At first we did not understand one another altogether, but now we get on very well. Do you remember how we used to tease Macdonald about the way he burred his *r*'s, and laugh when he said that *Scotland* was the *grawndest* country in the *wurrlde*? Well, do you know, these fellows—Campbell is their name—humbug us about *our* pronunciation, and scream with laughter whenever we try to say *loch*, which they pronounce in some outlandish fashion. Then their great joke is to get us to say *white horse*, which they declare we pronounce like *wite hoss*. I think it is rather low to humbug us about our pronunciation. How can we help pronouncing these words as we have been taught? (You didnt think so when you used to teese Macdonald! That's one for you my boy.—C. T.)

'The common people here speak Gaelic, but most of them understand English. They are very jolly people, and will do anything for us if we only ask them civilly. Most of them live in very



wretched-looking houses. The houses have often only one room, which serves for bedroom, kitchen, and everything to the whole family, and there are seldom any chimneys to be seen ; so that when a peat-fire is lighted, the whole place is so full of smoke that you can scarcely breathe, or even open your eyes, unless you are accustomed to it. Peat, you know, or at least you ought to know, is stuff which they dig out of the bogs, and dry, and then use for fuel. But what I want to tell you about is "Our Ben,"—not a boy, you know, but a mountain, which rises at the back of our house, and goes away up so far in the clouds, that it is only on very clear days that we can see the top of it. It is called Ben something or other, but the name is so long, and so unpronounceable, that we generally call it "Our Ben." Well, as soon as we set eyes on it, we made up our minds that the whole family, mamma, the girls, and all, should go up to the top ; but we have never managed it until last week. Mamma always declared that it was too cold, or too warm, or too misty, or too something else. I suspect she was funky about it ;

but we worried her so much, that at length she declared, "Well, to-morrow, whatever weather it is, we will go up this Ben, and have done with it;" and we sang out "Hurrah! we'll make you keep your word."

'To-morrow came—as fine, clear a day as you could wish for. You may be sure we were up early, and kept knocking at everybody's door till the whole family were up too. Then we laid in provisions, both in the shape of breakfast, and in bags, baskets, and so forth, which we were to take with us. Dick and I would rather have taken no grub at all, for we knew that we should have to carry it; but the girls declared that they could never think of climbing such a big mountain without having something to eat with them.

'We started about eight o'clock in our boat, which we rowed down the loch to a place called Bally something or other, from which the Ben is easiest to get up. I never can remember the names of places. (I wish I could say that to our master.—C. T.) There we landed, and set off up the hill.

'It was splendid fun going over the soft heather,

just like walking on a lot of gutta-percha balls; but we didn't get on very fast, for Dick and I had always to stop for mamma and our sisters. Papa and Bob came behind in a dignified manner, and Bob lectured us about what he called our friskiness, and told us that schoolboys ought to walk quietly behind their elders, and not run on before; which was very cool of Bob, considering that it is not so many years since he was a school-boy himself.

'Up, up we went, jumping over stones, sinking over the ankles in black peat moss, then up to our waists in long fern and heather, and the next minute, perhaps, crossing some hard, dry place, where the heather had been all burned, and nothing was left but the black stumps.

'Suddenly, as we were toiling up a steep slope, mamma sank down, and cried out "Oh!" in such an alarming tone that papa and I stopped and went to lift her up, thinking she had sprained her ankle, while the others, who were behind, began running to make up to us.

' "What is the matter?" we cried.

"The key! the key!" she said, gasping for breath.

"What key?"

"The key of the larder," said she, fishing it out; "I should—have left—it at home."

"Never mind now," said Dick. "Come on, we've no time to lose."

"But, you silly boy, the leg of mutton—all that's in the house for dinner—is in the larder—and I've the key," panted mamma.

'Papa's face grew long at this news, and the girls cried out, "What a pity!" but Dick and I said it was no matter, and declared it would be splendid fun to dine off milk and bread and butter. (They were afraid one of them would be sent back with the key.—C. T.)

"Very well," said mamma; "perhaps it's very little matter to me, for I don't believe I shall ever get up this hill alive."

'So off we went again, and toiled on for a good bit, till at length mamma, after threatening it several times, fairly struck work, and coming plump down on the heather, said she couldn't go a step farther, and wanted to wait for us till we

came down. But we vowed half the fun would be gone if she stayed behind; and when we had had a rest, we helped her up, and started off again, Dick and I towing her by a line of handkerchiefs tied together, and Bob shoving behind, in which way we at length reached the top.

'But, oh! that disappointing top, we thought it would never arrive. We were always climbing up some ridge which we thought was the last, and then, just when we had got over it, and were congratulating ourselves that our climb was over, another stretch of hill-side appeared to spring up before us, and, after taking a short rest, we had to begin our climbing again. At length a heavy shower of rain overtook us, and we were glad of the excuse for sitting down under shelter of a rock for half an hour, till the rain had cleared away. Here Dick wanted to begin at the grub, but mamma wouldn't let him.

'We set off once more, but we were almost despairing of reaching the top, when we were quite freshened up by coming upon snow. Yes! snow in August—real white, cold, crackling snow.

They say it sometimes lies on "Our Ben" all the year round. Dick and I at once got mamma to sit down, and began to pelt each other with snowballs; and while we were doing this, the girls, who had gone on before, began to wave their handkerchiefs, and sing out "hurrah!" The top of the mountain was quite close, and they had reached it before us, at which we weren't very well pleased.

'We ran up to them, and found ourselves on the top at length. And oh, wasn't it splendid! The rain had cleared away, and the sun was shining down upon the hills and lochs and rivers that lay all around us, and stretched away for miles and miles in every direction. On one side there was a perfect sea of mountains, all lower than "Our Ben;" on another there were half a dozen lochs winding through the hills, and joined to one another by a canal that looked like a silvery thread. Through papa's telescope we could see a steamboat on the canal. On another side, again, we could see the Atlantic, and Isla, and Jura, and a whole host of little islands, with white specks

between them, that we should never have guessed to be ships if we hadn't known that they were.

'When we had looked at the view for some time, we got out the grub and had our lunch. Then we sang songs, and capered about for a little, and Dick cut his name on the turf, in letters a yard long. But mamma felt the wind rather cold, and so we started on our way down.

'Didn't we come down at a good rate, running, slipping, tumbling, over the steep braes? You should have heard the girls screaming, and mamma protesting, every yard or two, that she could go no farther. Dick and I tried rolling down on our sides, but I rolled among some thistles, which pricked my face, and put an end to my performances in that line. Dick would go on at it, though, till his head came bump against a stone; so he and I were equally unfortunate.

'We soon came to more level ground, and took it easy till we reached the boat. Mamma and the girls were awfully tired by that time; and so was papa, I think, though he didn't like to confess it. Bob and I rowed them home; and then didn't

we pitch into the tea and scones and eggs! which was all that we could get, seeing that mamma had locked up the leg of mutton, and taken the key away with her. Not that we grumbled, for we made a splendid tea off what we had: and there are plenty of poor people hereabouts who have far harder work every day, and don't get half so good grub.

'Good-bye, Charley; I must shut up now, or the postage of this letter will ruin my finances. I have only tenpence halfpenny left, and papa says I'm not to get any more till I go back to school; only one thing is, that there's nothing here to spend money upon, except sending letters to lazy fellows like you. (Is that the reason why he didn't put enuff stamps on this leter, and I had to pay tupence for it?—C. T.)

'I shall see you soon at Coleworth; and, in the meantime, I hope you are enjoying your holidays. I'm sure, though, you have not had any such splendid fun as we had going up "Our Ben."  
—I am, your affectionate friend,

*'JACK BRACK.'*



1

# POPULAR WORKS

BY

ASCOTT R. HOPE.

---

*Just published, Second and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra,  
price 3s. 6d.,*

## A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES: BEING THE REFLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE PROFESSION.

~~~~~  
*The Spectator.*

'This is a manly, earnest book. The author describes in a series of essays the life and work of a schoolmaster; and as he has lived that life, and done that work from deliberate choice, his story is worth hearing.'

*Morning Star.*

'*A Book about Dominies* is an extremely clever and amusing series of sketches *by one who describes himself as of the profession*. . . . In a modest preface he expresses a belief that such a book may be made as amusing as many novels in Mr. Mudie's Library. The *Book about Dominies* is a hundred times more amusing and interesting than nine out of ten of such novels.'

*City Press.*

'This is a book which we strongly recommend to those who are anxious about the education of their boys. It is a capital book for any one to read. The style is, in general, sprightly, and the views of the writer, though perhaps too "broad" to suit certain "schools" of thinkers and believers, is well adapted to a mixed multitude of parents and guardians. We regard *A Book about Dominies* as pre-eminently a book of the season; it is a book in which parents and guardians of boys will find many suggestive hints.'

**Books Published by William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.**

---

*Third Edition, just published, in crown 8vo, with Illustrations,  
elegantly bound, gilt edges, price 5s.,*

## **STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE.**

**BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,**

**AUTHOR OF 'A BOOK ABOUT BOYS,' 'A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES,'  
ETC. ETC.**

---

### *The Leader.*

'We do not know any author of the present day, avowedly writing for boys, whose earlier works are more suggestive of promise than Mr. Hope's. He has proposed to himself a difficult task,—the reformation of the boys' literature of the age. He designs to accomplish his end, not by subordinating fiction to the purposes of instruction, but by a felicitous admixture of both, so that they shall reciprocally assist each other. Moreover, his style must be commended for its purity. His language is without pedantry. Our unqualified praise will not, we are assured, be thought hyperbolical by those of our readers who may choose to purchase the book and judge of its merits themselves.'

### *The Scotsman.*

'These stories are full of healthy moral feeling, and of wise, yet not "goody" advice; they have continuous, if not exciting interest, the incidents are natural and unstrained, and no one can read them without improvement as well as pleasure.'

### *The Athenæum.*

'That Mr. Hope should give us a book interesting, to a certain extent amusing, and generally natural, no one who has read *A Book about Dominies* will for an instant doubt. The stories have a hearty and healthy tone, and are entirely free from the maudlin sentimentality with which many ladies, who, knowing little or nothing about school-boys, take it upon themselves to write stories for them, often interlard their pages.'

## Books Published by William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

---

### STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE—*Continued.*

---

#### *Edinburgh Courant.*

‘Mr. Hope, although a young writer, has already acquired a high reputation as being perhaps the best living interpreter of the feelings of modern schoolboys, and of the relations that subsist between them and their masters. In the two books already published, the *Book about Dominies* and the *Book about Boys*, he may be said to have given us the fundamental principles of what he himself would call the science of boyology. As an expounder of that science, we look upon him as superior even to the accomplished and genial author of *Tom Brown’s Schooldays*.’

#### *Morning Star.*

‘No boy will read these stories without being able to put his finger on some old acquaintance, the type of a class to be found in every school; and if, as experience shows, such personal associations awaken the keenest relish, Mr. Hope need not fear but that his work will prove sufficiently attractive.’

#### *Public Opinion.*

‘Every one who had the good fortune to read those delightful books of Mr. Hope’s, *A Book about Dominies* and *A Book about Boys*, must have registered a hope that he would some day give us a collection of stories about school life; and here is the identical book. The stories are genial and refreshing, rich with the highest moral sentiments, never maudlin, and thoroughly natural. We trust to meet Mr. Hope again and again in similar works, for we can assure him that no sensational story that has ever been written ever possessed half the interest or enjoyment which these stories possess.’

#### *The Globe.*

‘A book more thoroughly adapted to boys cannot be found.’

#### *London Review.*

‘They are excellent tales of their kind, carefully and cleverly written, and quite worthy of Mr. Hope.’

•

Books Published by William B. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

---

*Just published, Third Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra,  
price 3s. 6d.,*

## A BOOK ABOUT BOYS.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,

AUTHOR OF 'A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES,' ETC.

---

### *Saturday Review.*

'This volume is full of knowledge, both useful and entertaining, in the truest sense of the words, and it is impossible to put it down without a feeling of personal kindness towards the author. If our readers think we have praised too much and criticised too little, we can only say, there is something about the book which disarms one's critical faculty, and appeal to them to judge for themselves. We should like to see it in the hands of every parent and schoolmaster in England.'

### *The Globe.*

'This is really a delightful work, and one which we hope will find its way into the hands of every parent and every boy in the kingdom.'

### *Educational Times.*

'We should like to see this book, together with a new one which we are promised, and which will be sure to be worth reading, not only in the hands of every teacher, but on the shelves of every school library.'

### *Art Journal.*

'It is one deserving the attention of all parents, guardians, and instructors.'

### *The Leader.*

'This book is one that demands the best attention of parents especially, and ought to receive it.'

### *Morning Star.*

'Parents and guardians could not do better than study its contents.'

Books Published by William B. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

---

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

~~~~~  
*NEW WORK BY ASCOTT R. HOPE.*  
~~~~~

*Just published, in post 8vo, cloth extra,*

**MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS :**

A STORY OF WHITMINSTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES,' 'STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE,' ETC.

~~~~~

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

*Brighton Herald.*

'In this book we find ourselves among a real set of boys, and feel, as much as it is possible for a grey head to feel, very much as if we were back at school again, in that little mimic world which is never found again, look for it as we may, in the big real world.'

*Athenæum.*

'The Whitminster Boys in the book furnished very pleasant reading, and we take a cordial interest in all their doings; they are none of them in any danger of dying because they are "too good to live," but they have some capital qualities; and the stories they tell in their dormitories are charmingly absurd.'

**Books Published by William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.**

---

**MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS—Continued.**

~~~~~  
*The Lincoln Mercury.*

‘Its fidelity to truth is the charm of the book ; but the individuals introduced are so admirably described, that an excellent moral may be deduced from the attributes of the well-disposed and the vicious. The volume will be read with interest by those who have arrived at full age, and with much mental profit by those who are in their nonage.’

*The London Scotsman.*

‘Mr. Hope is evidently well aware of the difficulty of putting an old head on young shoulders. But he is more than this—and here, we apprehend, lies the secret of his success,—he is fully convinced of the undesirability, even if it were possible, of attempting any such “maturing process.” He is contented to let youth laugh and revel while it may ; and those who doubt the wisdom of his philosophy, cannot do better than betake themselves to his charming story of Whitminster Grammar School.’

*Educational Times.*

‘Mr. Hope is certainly at home amongst schoolboys, and has succeeded in placing himself at the point of view from which they themselves regard their mimic world ; and this characteristic alone is likely to secure considerable popularity for the book.’

*The Edinburgh Courant.*

‘We are glad to welcome Mr. Hope’s return to a province of literature where he reigns alone, and where almost none dare or do tread but he. . . . The present tale has many merits, and it has nothing else that we can see. It is very commonplace, and therefore very natural ; it places no single aspect of school life in undue relief, it does not glorify unmanliness or vice, and it is thoroughly healthy. We should imagine that it will be profoundly interesting to the readers for whom it is meant.’

**MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS—Continued.**

~~~~~  
*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

'Fresh, vigorous, and entertaining, this is just the sort of story which will not only lay hold of the attention of the young and promising, but will help them on their way towards manhood, by imbuing them with earnest purpose, healthy thought, and rightly directed ambition.'

*The Galloway Gazette.*

'This is by far the most enjoyable boys' book we have read for years. . . . We cordially commend it to all boys; and if any guardian or patronizing friend is perplexed as to the nature of an intended gift, he cannot do better than present his young friend with this clever and amusing story of schoolboy recollections.'

*Manchester Examiner.*

'This is a capital book for boys. . . . There is scarcely a phase of schoolboy life which is not here minutely and cleverly portrayed in a style of pleasant but subdued humour.'

*The Glasgow Herald.*

'This is a capital book for boys. It is a continuous story of school-boy life and adventure, well told, with a genuine tone of fun and considerable humour. . . . We might add, too, that older heads would be none the worse for a reading of it. Even they might find in it matter for reflection as well as for amusement. It would be well if books of this healthful and manly kind could be got to supersede the namby-pamby trash that is so often served up for boys.'

*North British Mail.*

'Mr. Hope has already written several excellent stories of school life; but this story of Whitminster Grammar School excels anything he has yet done.'



**Books Published by William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.**

---

**STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE—*Continued.***

~~~~~  
*The Scholastic Register.*

‘Principals of schools cannot introduce into their circulating libraries a work that would be more appreciated by their pupils. The author, who has already won his spurs in this description of literature, here adds to his laurels. The story is essentially of school life, life-like. . . . A more entertaining volume for boys has not issued from the press for many years.’

*Public Opinion.*

‘The interest in the story is unflagging, and the genial humour of the author is always conspicuous. Mr. Hope never sermonizes, and never fails to instruct. His episodes all breathe an air of reality ; indeed one is reminded of similar incidents in one’s own boyhood, and a good moral tone is never absent from them.’

*Berwick Warder.*

‘It is full of interest and attraction throughout, and is a true sketch of modern schoolboy life.’

*Bath Journal.*

‘There has not been a better boys’ book than this since Tom Brown published his recollections of schoolboy days. A healthful tone pervades the story, and the boys are such as may be found in all large schools.’

*Ayr Observer.*

‘Old people as well as young will find both amusement and profit in reading Mr. Hope’s new book.’

~~~~~  
**EDINBURGH : WILLIAM P. NIMMO.**  
**SOLD BY SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON ;**  
**AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

CATALOGUE OF  
POPULAR AND STANDARD BOOKS  
PUBLISHED BY  
WILLIAM P. NIMMO,  
EDINBURGH,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Second and Cheaper Edition.

The 'Edina' Burns.

Crown 4to, beautifully printed on the finest toned paper, and elegantly bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence; or in morocco extra, Twenty-five Shillings.

A HANDSOME DRAWING-ROOM EDITION OF  
THE POEMS AND SONGS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MOST  
DISTINGUISHED SCOTTISH ARTISTS.

~~~~~  
'Of all the handsome reprints of the works of "nature's own" bard, this "Edina" edition of the Poems and Songs of Burns is perhaps the handsomest yet produced. Beautifully printed, and profusely illustrated by some of the most distinguished of the Scotch academicians, it forms a shrine worthy of the genius of the "poet of the land of the mountain and the flood." It is, as might be expected, Scottish in every respect,—printer, publisher, and illustrators; and as also we think it should; for with whom could it be so much a labour of love to produce a first-rate edition as with one of Burns's own countrymen? and who should be better able to illustrate the "brown heath and shaggy wood" of Scotia's scenery than her own sons?'—*The Examiner*.

**NIMMO'S**  
*LARGE PRINT UNABRIDGED*  
**LIBRARY EDITION OF THE**  
**BRITISH POETS.**

*FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER.*

In Forty-eight Vols. Demy 8vo, Pica Type, Superfine Paper, Elegant Binding, price 4s. each Volume.

The Text edited by CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

With Authentic Portraits engraved on Steel.

The following Works are comprised in the Series :—

|                          | Vols.     |                                   | Vols.     |
|--------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| WYATT, . . . . .         | 1         | CHURCHILL, . . . . .              | 1         |
| SPENSER, . . . . .       | 5         | BRATTLE, . . . . .                | } . . . 1 |
| SHAKESPEARE, } . . . . . | 1         | BLAIR, . . . . .                  |           |
| SURREY, . . . . .        | 1         | FALCONER, . . . . .               |           |
| HERBERT, . . . . .       | 1         | BURNS, . . . . .                  | 2         |
| WALLER, . . . . .        | } 1       | COWPER, . . . . .                 | 2         |
| DENHAM, . . . . .        |           | BOWLES, . . . . .                 | 2         |
| MILTON, . . . . .        | 2         | SCOTT, . . . . .                  | 8         |
| BUTLER, . . . . .        | 2         | CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES, 8     |           |
| DRYDEN, . . . . .        | 2         | CRAWSHAW, . . . . .               | } . . . 1 |
| PRIOR, . . . . .         | 1         | QUARLES' EMBLEMS, . . . . .       |           |
| THOMSON, . . . . .       | 1         | ADDISON, . . . . .                | } . . . 1 |
| JOHNSON, . . . . .       | } . . . 1 | GAY'S FABLES, . . . . .           |           |
| PARNELL, . . . . .       |           | SOMERVILLE'S CHASE, . . . . .     |           |
| GRAY, . . . . .          |           | YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, . . . . . | 1         |
| SMOLLETT, . . . . .      | 2         | PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT       |           |
| POPE, . . . . .          | 1         | ENGLISH POETRY, . . . . .         | 8         |
| SHERSTONE, . . . . .     | 1         | SPECIMENS, WITH LIVES OF THE      |           |
| AKENSIDE, . . . . .      | 1         | LESS KNOWN BRITISH POETS, 8       |           |
| GOLDSMITH, . . . . .     | } . . . 1 | H. K. WHITE AND J. GRAHAM'S       |           |
| COLLINS, . . . . .       |           | POETICAL WORKS, . . . . .         | 1         |
| T. WARTON, . . . . .     | } . . . 1 |                                   |           |
| ARMSTRONG, . . . . .     |           |                                   |           |
| DYER, . . . . .          |           |                                   |           |
| GREEN, . . . . .         | 1         |                                   |           |

*Any of the Works may be had separately, price 4s. each Volume.*

## HUGH MILLER'S WORKS.

### ~~~~~ CHEAP POPULAR EDITIONS,

*In crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s. each.*

I.

Thirteenth Edition.

#### **My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education.**

'A story which we have read with pleasure, and shall treasure up in memory for the sake of the manly career narrated, and the glances at old-world manners and distant scenes afforded us by the way.'—*Athenæum*.

A cheaper edition of 'My Schools and Schoolmasters' is also published, bound in limp cloth, price 2s. 6d.

II.

Thirty-fourth Thousand.

#### **The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. *Profusely Illustrated.***

'The most remarkable work of perhaps the most remarkable man of the age. . . . A magnificent epic, and the Principia of Geology.'—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

III.

Ninth Edition.

#### **The Cruise of the Betsey; or, A Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland.**

IV.

#### **Sketch-Book of Popular Geology.**

V.

Ninth Edition.

#### **First Impressions of England and its People.**

'This is precisely the kind of book we should have looked for from the author of the "Old Red Sandstone." Straightforward and earnest in style, rich and varied in matter, these "First Impressions" will add another laurel to the wreath which Mr. Miller has already won for himself.'—*Westminster Review*.

A cheaper edition of 'First Impressions of England' is also published, bound in limp cloth, price 2s. 6d.

# HUGH MILLER'S WORKS.

## CHEAP POPULAR EDITIONS,

*In crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6s. each.*

VI.

Ninth Edition.

**Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland ;  
Or, The Traditional History of Cromarty.**

VII.

Eleventh Edition.

**The Old Red Sandstone ; or, New Walks in  
an Old Field. *Profusely Illustrated.***

'In Mr. Miller's charming little work will be found a very graphic description of the Old Red Fishes. I know not a more fascinating volume on any branch of British Geology.'—*Mantell's Medals of Creation.*

VIII.

Fourth Edition.

**The Headship of Christ and the Rights of  
the Christian People. With Preface by PETER BAYNE, A.M.**

IX.

Tenth Edition.

**Footprints of the Creator ; or, The Asterolepis  
of Stromness. With Preface and Notes by Mrs. MILLER, and a  
Biographical Sketch by Professor AGASSIZ. *Profusely Illustrated.***

'Mr. Miller has brought his subject to the point at which science in  
its onward progress now lands.'—AGASSIZ. *From Preface to American  
Edition of the 'Footprints.'*

X.

Third Edition.

**Tales and Sketches. Edited, with a Preface,  
by Mrs. MILLER.**

XI.

Third Edition.

**Essays : Historical and Biographical, Political  
and Social, Literary and Scientific.**

XII.

Second Edition.

**Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood, Geological  
and Historical. With the GEOLOGY OF THE BASS ROCK.**

\* \* *Hugh Miller's Works may also be had in complete sets of 12 Volumes,  
elegantly bound in imitation Roxburgh, gilt top, price £3, 12s., or  
in half-calf extra, gilt back, price £4, 10s.*

---

POPULAR WORKS

By ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Second and Cheaper Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.,

**A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES:**

BEING THE REFLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER  
OF THE PROFESSION.

'A more sensible book than this about boys has rarely been written, for it enters practically into all the particulars which have to be encountered amongst "the young ideas" who have to be trained for life, and are too often marred by the educational means adopted for their early mental development. The writer is evidently one of the Arnold school—that "prince of schoolmasters"—who did more for the formation of the character of his pupils than any man that ever lived.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

---

Third Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.,

**A BOOK ABOUT BOYS.**

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'A Book about Dominies.'

---

Four Volumes, Crown 8vo, cloth, price 12s., or four volumes bound in  
two, Roxburgh style,

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF

**TYTLER'S  
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.**

'The most brilliant age of Scotland is fortunate in having found a historian whose sound judgment is accompanied by a graceful liveliness of imagination. We venture to predict that this book will soon become, and long remain, the standard History of Scotland.'—*Quarterly Review*.

---

Cheap Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.,

**LAST LEAVES:  
SKETCHES AND CRITICISMS.**

By ALEXANDER SMITH,

Author of 'Life Drama,' 'Dreamthorpe,' etc. etc.

Edited, with a Memoir, by PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, M.A.,  
Author of 'Mill and Carlyle,' etc. etc.

---

Second Edition, Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.,

**FAMILY PRAYERS FOR FIVE WEEKS,**

WITH PRAYERS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS, AND A TABLE FOR READING  
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

By WILLIAM WILSON, MINISTER OF KIPPEN.

## NIMMO'S LIBRARY EDITION OF STANDARD WORKS,

In large Demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait and Vignette, handsomely bound, Roxburgh style, gilt tops, price 5s. each.

I.  
**SHAKESPEARE'S COM-  
PLETE WORKS.** With  
Biographical Sketch by MARY  
O. CLARKE; and a Copious  
Glossary.

II.  
**BURNS'S COMPLETE  
POETICAL AND PROSE  
WORKS.** With Life and  
Variorum Notes.

III.  
**GOLDSMITH'S MISCEL-  
LANEOUS WORKS.**

IV.  
**BYRON'S POETICAL  
WORKS.** Illustrated by  
eminent Artists.

V.  
**JOSEPHUS: The Whole  
Works of FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS,  
the Jewish Historian.** Trans-  
lated by WHISTON.

VI.  
**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS'  
ENTERTAINMENTS.**  
Illustrated with upwards of  
100 original Engravings.

VII.  
**SWIFT'S WORKS.** Care-  
fully selected, with Life of the  
Author, and original and  
authentic Notes.

VIII.  
**DEFOE'S WORKS.** Care-  
fully selected from the most  
authentic sources; with Life  
of Author.

IX.  
**SMOLLETT'S WORKS.**  
Carefully selected from the  
most authentic sources; with  
Life of Author.

X.  
**THE CANTERBURY  
TALES AND FAERIE  
QUEEN,** with other Poems  
of CHAUCER and SPENSER.  
Edited for Popular Perusal,  
with current Illustrative and  
Explanatory Notes.

XI.  
**THE WORKS OF THE  
BRITISH DRAMATISTS.**  
Carefully selected from the  
original editions, with copious  
Notes, Biographies, and a  
Historical Introduction, etc.  
etc. Edited by J. S. KELTIE,  
Editor of 'Delee's Works,'  
etc.

\*.\* The above Works may also be had elegantly bound in half-calf extra,  
gilt back, price 8s. each.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d.,

## JAMIESON'S SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

Abridged from the Dictionary and Supplement (in 4 vols. 4to), by JOHN JOHNSTONE. An entirely new Edition, Revised and Enlarged, by JOHN LONGMUIR, A.M., LL.D., formerly Lecturer in King's College and University, Aberdeen.

In demy 8vo, richly bound in cloth and gold, price 6s. 6d.,

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON.

EDITED BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

Illustrated with choice Full-page Engravings on Steel, printed in Colours by KRONHEIM & Co.

Demy 8vo, bound, price 3s. 6d.,

## THE MECHANIC'S AND STUDENT'S GUIDE

IN THE

DESIGNING AND CONSTRUCTION OF GENERAL MACHINE GEARING,

As Eccentrics, Screws, Toothed Wheels, etc., and the Drawing of Rectilineal and Curved Surfaces; with Practical Rules and Details.

Illustrated with numerous Original Engravings.

EDITED BY FRANCIS HERBERT JOYNSON,

Author of 'The Metals used in Construction.'

'As a whole, the work may be commended for its general correctness, brevity, neatness, and the way in which it necessitates the drawing forth from the mental stores the technical knowledge stowed away as a "foundation." . . . We may remark that many London schools have for some time adopted the examples to be found in Mr. Joynton's work as exercises for youth, and that the said youth eventually find them of great use. Surely this is commendation indeed, and with this we close a brief notice of a very nicely got-up and creditable volume.'—*English Mechanic*.



## NIMMO'S FIVE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

---

Crown 8vo, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely illustrated by eminent Artists, and richly bound in cloth and gold and gilt edges, price 5s. each.

### I.

**SWORD AND PEN; Or, English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth.** By WALTER CLINTON.

### II.

**NORRIE SETON; Or, Driven to Sea.** By Mrs. George CUPPLES, Author of 'Unexpected Pleasures,' etc.

### III.

**THE CIRCLE OF THE YEAR; Or, Studies of Nature and Pictures of the Seasons.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

### IV.

**THE WEALTH OF NATURE: Our Food Supplies from the Vegetable Kingdom.** By the Rev. JOHN MONTGOMERY, A.M.

### V.

**STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE.** By Ascott R. Hope.

### VI.

**THE BATTLE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.** Tales of Chivalry and Adventure. By CHARLES ALFRED MAXWELL.

### VII.

**THE SEA KINGS OF ORKNEY.** And other Historical Tales. By the same Author.

### VIII.

**ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CHIVALRY.** Tales from Authentic Chronicles and Histories. By the same Author.

### IX.

**THE WARS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.** Historical Tales of Bravery and Heroism. By the same Author.

---

NIMMO'S 'CARMINE' GIFT-BOOKS.

---

I.

Small 4to, beautifully printed within red lines on superior paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d.,

**ROSES AND HOLLY:**

A Gift-Book for all the Year.

With Original Illustrations by eminent Artists.

'This is really a collection of art and literary gems—the prettiest book, take it all in all, that we have seen this season.'—*Illustrated Times*.

---

II.

Uniform with the above, price 7s. 6d.,

**PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES FROM THE POETS.**

With Choice Illustrations by the most eminent Artists.

---

III.

Uniform with the above, price 7s. 6d.,

**GEMS OF LITERATURE:**

ELEGANT, RARE, AND SUGGESTIVE.

Illustrated by distinguished Artists.

'For really luxurious books, Nimmo's "Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets" and "Gems of Literature" may be well recommended. They are luxurious in the binding, in the print, in the engravings, and in the paper.'—*Morning Post*.

---

IV.

Uniform with the above, price 7s. 6d.,

**THE BOOK OF ELEGANT EXTRACTS.**

Profusely Illustrated by the most eminent Artists.

---

V.

Uniform with the above, price 7s. 6d.,

**THE GOLDEN GIFT.**

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.

Profusely Illustrated with Original Engravings on Wood by eminent Artists.

*Just ready.*

ENTIRELY NEW BINDING,  
IN CLOTH EXTRA, GOLD AND COLOURS.

ENTIRELY NEW BINDING,  
IN MOROCCO EXTRA ILLUMINATED.

## NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE POETS.

In fcap. 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegantly bound in cloth extra, gold and colours, price 8s. 6d. each; or in morocco extra, illuminated, price 6s. 6d. each; or morocco extra, novel prismatic effect with silk centre, entirely new design, price 7s. 6d. each. Each Volume contains a Memoir, and is illustrated with a Portrait of the Author, engraved on Steel, and numerous full-page Illustrations on Wood, from designs by eminent Artists.

<sup>I.</sup>  
Longfellow's Poetical Works.

<sup>II.</sup>  
Scott's Poetical Works.

<sup>III.</sup>  
Byron's Poetical Works.

<sup>IV.</sup>  
Moore's Poetical Works.

<sup>V.</sup>  
Wordsworth's Poetical Works.

<sup>VI.</sup>  
Cowper's Poetical Works.

<sup>VII.</sup>  
Milton's Poetical Works.

<sup>VIII.</sup>  
Thomson's Poetical Works.

<sup>IX.</sup>  
Beattie and Goldsmith's  
Poetical Works.

<sup>X.</sup>  
Pope's Poetical Works.

<sup>XI.</sup>  
Burns's Poetical Works.

<sup>XII.</sup>  
The Casquet of Gems.

<sup>XIII.</sup>  
The Book of Humorous  
Poetry.

<sup>XIV.</sup>  
Ballads: Scottish and  
English.

<sup>XV.</sup>  
The Complete Works of  
Shakespeare.  
Two Volumes, price 8s. 6d. each.

**NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE WORKS  
OF THE POETS—continued.**

—0—

XVI.  
**The Arabian Nights'  
Entertainments.**

Two Volumes, price 8s. 6d. each.

XVII.  
**Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress  
and Holy War.**

XVIII.  
**Lives of the British  
Poets.**

XIX.  
**The Prose Works of  
Robert Burns.**

“\* This Series of Books, from the very superior manner in which it is produced, is at once the cheapest and handsomest edition of the Poets in the market. The volumes form elegant and appropriate presents as School Prizes and Gift-Books, either in cloth or morocco.

“They are a marvel of cheapness, some of the volumes extending to as many as 700, and even 900, pages, printed on toned paper in a beautifully clear type. Add to this, that they are profusely illustrated with wood engravings, are elegantly and tastefully bound, and that they are published at 8s. 6d. each, and our recommendation of them is complete.”—*Scotsman*.

**NIMMO'S FAVOURITE GIFT-BOOKS.**

In small 8vo. Illustrated, printed on toned paper, richly bound in cloth and gold and gilt edges, with new and original Frontispiece, printed in colours by KRONHEIM, price 2s. 6d. each.

I.  
**The Vicar of Wakefield.  
Poems and Essays.**

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

II.  
**Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**

III.  
**The Life and Adventures  
of Robinson Crusoe.**

IV.  
**Æsop's Fables,  
With Instructive Applications.  
By DR. CROXALL.**

V.  
**The History of Sandford  
and Merton.**

VI.  
**Evenings at Home;  
Or, The Familiar Budget Opened.**

“\* The above are very elegant and remarkably cheap editions of these old favourite Works.

COMPLETION OF THE COPYRIGHT EDITION OF

# WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.

EDITED BY ALEXANDER LEIGHTON,  
One of the Original Editors and Contributors.

In announcing the completion of the Copyright Edition of the **BORDER TALES**, the Publisher does not consider it necessary to say anything in recommendation of a work which has stood the test of a general competition, and which has increased in public favour with its years. Equally suited to all classes of readers, it has been received with delight in the school-room, the drawing-room, the parlour, and the village reading-room. Many of the Tales have been publicly read. The high tone of its morality renders it an admirable small library for young members of the family.

The new Copyright Edition will contain four additional Volumes, now first published, which will complete the work. It will be issued in Twenty-four Monthly Volumes, price 1s. each, sewed in elegant wrapper, commencing March 1st, 1869. But at the same time the entire work will be kept on sale, so that all who desire to possess it—either complete, or any separate volume thereof—can be supplied at once. Each volume is complete in itself, forming an independent collection of stories. The work may also be had in Twelve Double Volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, price 8s. each, or in Roxburgh gilt top, for libraries, etc., price 4s. 6d. each.

Those who already possess the first twenty Volumes are recommended to complete their sets by purchasing the four New Volumes, the last of which will contain a Steel Portrait of the Editor and principal contributor, Alexander Leighton, with a copious Glossary.

---

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 3s.,

## TRIUMPH:

*The Christian more than Conqueror.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE PHILIP, M.A., FREE ST. JOHN'S  
CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

'We have, in this little volume, a very gem of scriptural, Christian thoughtfulness, of sagacious Christian joyfulness, of cultured intellect, of purest literary taste, and of finest genuine feeling.'—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review.*

**NIMMO'S  
HANDY BOOKS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.**

Foolscap 8vo, uniformly bound in cloth extra.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

I.

**THE EARTH'S CRUST.**

A Handy Outline of Geology. With numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Author of 'Text-Books of Geology and Physical Geography,' etc.

II.

**POULTRY AS A MEAT SUPPLY:**

Being Hints to Henwives how to Rear and Manage Poultry Economically and Profitably. Fourth Edition. By the Author of 'The Poultry Kalendar.'

III.

**HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL  
ENGINEER:**

Being Hints to Youths intending to adopt the Profession. Third Edition. By BERNARD STUART, Engineer.

IV.

**RATIONAL COOKERY:**

Cookery made Practical and Economical, in connection with the Chemistry of Food. Fifth Edition. By HARTELOW REID.

V.

**DOMESTIC MEDICINE:**

Plain and Brief Directions for the Treatment requisite before Advice can be obtained. Second Edition. By OFFLEY BOHUN SHORE, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh, etc. etc. etc.

VI.

**DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT:**

Hints on the Training and Treatment of Children and Servants. By MRS. CHARLES DOIG.

VII.

**FREE-HAND DRAWING:**

A Guide to Ornamental, Figure, and Landscape Drawing. By an ART STUDENT, Author of 'Ornamental and Figure Drawing,' Profusely Illustrated.

VIII.

**THE METALS USED IN CONSTRUCTION:**

Iron, Steel, Bessemer Metal, etc. etc. By FRANCIS HERBERT JOYNSON. Illustrated.

*New series of Choice Books, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, large crown 8vo, price 6s. each, entitled,*

## NIMMO'S SELECT LIBRARY.

I.

**Almost Faultless : A Story of the Present Day.** By the Author of 'A Book for Governesses.'

II.

**Before the Conquest; or, English Worthies in the Olden Time.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

~~~~~

\*.\* OTHER VOLUMES UNIFORM IN PROGRESS.

## NIMMO'S UNIVERSAL GIFT-BOOKS.

*A Series of excellent Works, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.*

I.

**Rupert Rochester, the Banker's Son. A Tale.** By Winifred TAYLOR, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc. etc.

II.

**The Story of Two Lives; or, The Trials of Wealth and Poverty.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Rupert Rochester,' etc.

III.

**The Lost Father; or, Cecilia's Triumph.** A Story of our own Day. By DARYL HOLME.

IV.

**Christian Osborne's Friends.** By Mrs. Harriet Miller Davidson, Author of 'Isobel Jardine's History,' and Daughter of the late Hugh Miller.

V.

**Tales of Old English Life; or, Pictures of the Period.** By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D., Author of 'History of English Literature,' etc.

~~~~~

\*.\* OTHER VOLUMES UNIFORM IN PROGRESS.

Popular Works by the Author of 'Heaven our Home.'

I.

ONE HUNDREDTH THOUSAND.

Crown 8vo, cloth antique, price 8s. 6d.,

**HEAVEN OUR HOME.**

'The author of the volume before us endeavours to describe what heaven is, as shown by the light of reason and Scripture; and we promise the reader many charming pictures of heavenly bliss, founded upon undeniable authority, and described with the pen of a dramatist, which cannot fail to elevate the soul as well as to delight the imagination. . . . Part Second proves, in a manner as beautiful as it is convincing, the DOCTRINE OF THE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN,—a subject of which the author makes much, introducing many touching scenes of Scripture celebrities meeting in heaven and discoursing of their experience on earth. Part Third DEMONSTRATES THE INTEREST WHICH THOSE IN HEAVEN FEEL IN EARTH, AND PROVES, WITH REMARKABLE CLEARNESS, THAT SUCH AN INTEREST EXISTS NOT ONLY WITH THE ALMIGHTY AND AMONG THE ANGELS, BUT ALSO AMONG THE SPIRITS OF DEPARTED FRIENDS. We unhesitatingly give our opinion that this volume is one of the most delightful productions of a religious character which has appeared for some time; and we would desire to see it pass into extensive circulation.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

A Cheap Edition of

**HEAVEN OUR HOME,**

In crown 8vo, cloth limp, price 1s. 6d., is also published.

II.

TWENTY-NINTH THOUSAND.

Crown 8vo, cloth antique, price 8s. 6d.,

**MEET FOR HEAVEN.**

'The author, in his or her former work, "Heaven our Home," portrayed a SOCIAL HEAVEN, WHERE SCATTERED FAMILIES MEET AT LAST IN LOVING INTERCOURSE AND IN POSSESSION OF PERFECT RECOGNITION, to spend a never-ending eternity of peace and love. In the present work the individual state of the children of God is attempted to be unfolded, and more especially the state of probation which is set apart for them on earth to fit and prepare erring mortals for the society of the saints. . . . The work, as a whole, displays an originality of conception, a flow of language, and a closeness of reasoning rarely found in religious publications. . . . The author combats the pleasing and generally accepted belief, that DEATH WILL EFFECT AN ENTIRE CHANGE ON THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF OUR SOULS, and that all who enter into bliss will be placed on a common level.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

A Cheap Edition of

**MEET FOR HEAVEN,**

In crown 8vo, cloth limp, price 1s. 6d., is also published.



wretched-looking houses. The houses have often only one room, which serves for bedroom, kitchen, and everything to the whole family, and there are seldom any chimneys to be seen; so that when a peat-fire is lighted, the whole place is so full of smoke that you can scarcely breathe, or even open your eyes, unless you are accustomed to it. Peat, you know, or at least you ought to know, is stuff which they dig out of the bogs, and dry, and then use for fuel. But what I want to tell you about is "Our Ben,"—not a boy, you know, but a mountain, which rises at the back of our house, and goes away up so far in the clouds, that it is only on very clear days that we can see the top of it. It is called Ben something or other, but the name is so long, and so unpronounceable, that we generally call it "Our Ben." Well, as soon as we set eyes on it, we made up our minds that the whole family, mamma, the girls, and all, should go up to the top; but we have never managed it until last week. Mamma always declared that it was too cold, or too warm, or too misty, or too something else. I suspect she was funky about it;

OF

gilt

TER.

OF

FLER.

RY.

;

PHY.

S.

S

ects.

EX.

ORY:

S.

MIND.

cially  
ually  
or this  
orma-  
s that  
ually

Works by the Author of 'Heaven our Home'—*continued.*

## III.

## TWENTY-FIRST THOUSAND.

Crown 8vo, cloth antique, price 8s. 6d.,

## LIFE IN HEAVEN.

THERE, FAITH IS CHANGED INTO SIGHT, AND HOPE IS PASSED INTO  
BLISSFUL FRUITION.

'This is certainly one of the most remarkable works which have been issued from the press during the present generation; and we have no doubt it will prove as acceptable to the public as the two attractive volumes to which it forms an appropriate and beautiful sequel.'—*Cheltenham Journal.*

'We think this work well calculated to remove many erroneous ideas respecting our future state, and to put before its readers such an idea of the reality of our existence there, as may tend to make a future world more desirable and more sought for than it is at present.'—*Cambridge University Chronicle.*

'This, like its companion works, "Heaven our Home," and "Meet for Heaven," needs no adventitious circumstances, no prestige of literary renown, to recommend it to the consideration of the reading public, and, like its predecessors, will no doubt circulate by tens of thousands throughout the land.'—*Glasgow Examiner.*

A Cheap Edition of

## LIFE IN HEAVEN,

In crown 8vo, cloth limp, price 1s. 6d., is also published.

~~~~~  
IV.

## SEVENTH THOUSAND.

Crown 8vo, cloth antique, price 8s. 6d.,

## CHRIST'S TRANSFIGURATION;

OR, TABOR'S TEACHINGS.

'The work opens up to view a heaven to be prized, and a home to be sought for, and presents it in a cheerful and attractive aspect. The beauty and elegance of the language adds grace and dignity to the subject, and will tend to secure to it the passport to public favour so deservedly merited and obtained by the author's former productions.'—*Montrose Standard.*

'A careful reading of this volume will add immensely to the interest of the New Testament narrative of the Transfiguration, and so far will greatly promote our personal interest in the will of God as revealed in his word.'—*Wesleyan Times.*

A Cheap Edition of

## CHRIST'S TRANSFIGURATION,

In crown 8vo, cloth limp, price 1s. 6d., is also published.

\*\*\* Aggregate Sale of the above Popular Works, 157,000 copies. In addition to this, they have been reprinted and extensively circulated in America.

## NIMMO'S PRESENTATION SERIES OF STANDARD WORKS.

In small Crown 8vo, printed on toned paper, bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, bevelled boards, with Portrait engraved on Steel, price 3s. 6d. each.

I.

### WISDOM, WIT, AND ALLEGORY.

Selected from 'The Spectator.'

II.

### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:

A BIOGRAPHY.

III.

### THE WORLD'S WAY:

LAYS OF LIFE AND LABOUR.

IV.

### TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

### THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF MUNGO PARK.

With a Supplementary Chapter,  
detailing the results of recent  
Discovery in Africa.

V.

### WALLACE,

### THE HERO OF SCOTLAND:

A BIOGRAPHY.

By James Paterson.

VI.

### EPOCH MEN,

AND THE RESULTS OF THEIR  
LIVES.

By Samuel Neil.

VII.

### THE MIRROR OF CHARACTER.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF  
OVERBURY, EARLE, AND BUTLER.

VIII.

### MEN OF HISTORY.

By Eminent Writers.

IX.

### OLD WORLD WORTHIES;

OR, CLASSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

SELECTED FROM

PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

X.

### THE MAN OF BUSINESS

Considered in Six Aspects.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.

XI.

### WOMEN OF HISTORY:

By Eminent Writers.

XII.

### THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

By Isaac Watts.

"\* This elegant and useful Series of Books has been specially prepared for School and College Prizes: they are, however, equally suitable for General Presentation. In selecting the works for this Series, the aim of the publisher has been to produce books of a permanent value, interesting in manner and instructive in matter—books that youth will read eagerly and with profit, and which will be found equally attractive in after life.

**NIMMO'S HALF-CROWN REWARD BOOKS.**

Extra Foolscap 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, Illustrated,  
price 2s. 6d. each.

I.

**Memorable Wars of Scotland.**

BY

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, F.R.S.E.,  
Author of 'History of Scotland,' etc.

II.

**Seeing the World :****A Young Sailor's Own Story.**

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

III.

**The Martyr Missionary :****Five Years in China.**

BY REV. CHARLES P. BURN, M.A.

IV.

**My New Home :****A Woman's Story.**

V.

**Home Heroines :****Tales for Girls.**

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VI.

**Lessons from Women's Lives.**

BY SARAH J. HALE.

VII.

**The Roseville Family :****A Historical Tale of the  
Eighteenth Century.**

BY MRS. A. S. ORR.

VIII.

**Leah :****A Tale of Ancient Palestine.**

BY MRS. A. S. ORR.

IX.

**Champions of the Reformation.****The Stories of their Lives.****NIMMO'S TWO SHILLING REWARD BOOKS.**

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled  
boards, gilt back and sides, gilt edges, price 2s. each.

I.

**The Far North.**

II.

**The Young Men of the Bible.**

III.

**The Blade and the Ear.**

IV.

**Monarchs of Ocean.**

V.

**Life's Crosses, and How to  
Meet them.**

VI.

**A Father's Legacy to his  
Daughters ; etc.**

VII.

**Great Men of European History.**

VIII.

**Mountain Patriots :**

IX.

**Labours of Love :****A Tale for the Young.**

X.

**Mossdale :****A Tale for the Young.**

**NIMMO'S EIGHTEENPENNY REWARD BOOKS.**

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">I.</p> <p><b>The Vicar of Wakefield.</b><br/>Poems and Essays.<br/>BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">II.</p> <p><b>Aesop's Fables,</b><br/>With Instructive Applications.<br/>BY DR. CROKALL.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">III.</p> <p><b>Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">IV.</p> <p><b>The Young Man-of-War's<br/>Man.</b><br/>A Boy's Voyage round the World.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">V.</p> <p><b>The Treasury of Anecdote :</b><br/>Moral and Religious.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">VI.</p> <p><b>The Boy's Own Workshop.</b><br/>BY JACOB ABBOTT.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VII.</p> <p><b>The Life and Adventures of<br/>Robinson Crusoe.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">VIII.</p> <p><b>The History of Sandford<br/>and Merton.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">IX.</p> <p><b>Evenings at Home ;</b><br/>Or, The Juvenile Budget Opened.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">X.</p> <p><b>Unexpected Pleasures.</b><br/>By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author<br/>of 'The Little Captain,' etc.</p> |
|--|---|

\* \* The above Series of elegant and useful books is specially prepared for the entertainment and instruction of young persons.

**NIMMO'S SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS.**

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p style="text-align: center;">I.</p> <p><b>Bible Blessings.</b><br/>BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">II.</p> <p><b>One Hour a Week :</b><br/>Fifty-five Bible Lessons for the<br/>Young.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">III.</p> <p><b>The Best Things.</b><br/>BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IV.</p> <p><b>Grace Harvey and her<br/>Cousins.</b></p> | <p style="text-align: center;">V.</p> <p><b>Lessons from Rose Hill.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">VI.</p> <p><b>Great and Good Women.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">VII.</p> <p><b>At Home and Abroad.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">VIII.</p> <p><b>The Kind Governess.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">IX.</p> <p><b>Christmas at the Beacon :</b><br/>A Tale for the Young.</p> |
|---|--|

**NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING JUVENILE BOOKS.**

Foolscap 8vo, Coloured Frontispiece, handsomely bound in cloth, Illuminated, price 1s. each.

<sup>I.</sup>  
Four Little People and their  
Friends.

<sup>II.</sup>  
Elizabeth;  
Or, The Exiles of Siberia.

<sup>III.</sup>  
Paul and Virginia.

<sup>IV.</sup>  
Little Threads.

<sup>V.</sup>  
Benjamin Franklin.

<sup>VI.</sup>  
Barton Todd.

<sup>VII.</sup>  
The Perils of Greatness.

<sup>VIII.</sup>  
Little Crowns, and How to  
Win Them.

<sup>IX.</sup>  
Great Riches.

<sup>X.</sup>  
The Right Way, and  
the Contrast.

<sup>XI.</sup>  
The Daisy's First Winter.

<sup>XII.</sup>  
The Man of the Mountain.

**NIMMO'S SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.**

Demy 16mo, Illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt side, gilt edges, price 6d. each.

<sup>I.</sup>  
Pearls for Little People.

<sup>II.</sup>  
Great Lessons for  
Little People.

<sup>III.</sup>  
Reason in Rhyme.

<sup>IV.</sup>  
Æsop's Little Fable Book.

<sup>V.</sup>  
Grapes from the Great Vine.

<sup>VI.</sup>  
The Pot of Gold.

<sup>VII.</sup>  
Story Pictures from the Bible.

<sup>VIII.</sup>  
The Tables of Stone.

<sup>IX.</sup>  
Ways of Doing Good.

<sup>X.</sup>  
Stories about our Dogs.

<sup>XI.</sup>  
The Red-Winged Goose.

<sup>XII.</sup>  
The Hermit of the Hills.

**NIMMO'S FOURPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.**

The above Series of Books is also done up in elegant Enamelled Paper Covers, beautifully printed in Colours, price 4d. each.

\*.\* The distinctive features of the New Series of Sixpenny and One Shilling Juvenile Books are: The Subjects of each Volume have been selected with a due regard to Instruction and Entertainment; they are well printed on fine paper, in a superior manner; the Shilling Series is Illustrated with Frontispieces printed in Colours; the Sixpenny Series has beautiful Engravings; and they are elegantly bound.

## NIMMO'S POPULAR RELIGIOUS GIFT-BOOKS.

18mo, finely printed on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

I.

### **Across the River: Twelve Views of Heaven.**

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.; R. W. HAMILTON, D.D.; ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.; JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.; etc. etc. etc.

'A more charming little work has rarely fallen under our notice, or one that will more faithfully direct the steps to that better land it should be the aim of all to seek.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

II.

### **Emblems of Jesus; or, Illustrations of Emmanuel's Character and Work.**

III.

### **Life Thoughts of Eminent Christians.**

IV.

### **Comfort for the Desponding; or, Words to Soothe and Cheer Troubled Hearts.**

V.

### **The Chastening of Love; or, Words of Con- solation to the Christian Mourner.** By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Manchester.

VI.

### **The Cedar Christian.** By the Rev. Theodore L. CUYLER.

VII.

### **Consolation for Christian Mothers bereaved OF LITTLE CHILDREN.** By A FRIEND OF MOURNERS.

VIII.

### **The Orphan; or, Words of Comfort for the Fatherless and Motherless.**

IX.

### **Gladdening Streams; or, The Waters of the Sanctuary.** A Book for Fragments of Time on each Lord's Day of the Year.

X.

### **Spirit of the Old Divines.**

XI.

### **Choice Gleanings from Sacred Writers.**

XII.

### **Direction in Prayer.** By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.

XIII.

### **Scripture Imagery.** By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.



**Popular Religious Works,**  
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION.

I.

· Foolscap 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth extra, antique,  
price 2s. 6d.,

**CHRISTIAN COMFORT.**

By the AUTHOR OF 'EMBLEMS OF JESUS.'

II.

By the same Author, uniform in style and price,

**LIGHT ON THE GRAVE.**

III.

Uniform in style and price,

**GLIMPSES OF THE CELESTIAL CITY,  
AND GUIDE TO THE INHERITANCE.**

With Introduction by the

REV. JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D.,  
CLAPHAM, LONDON.

Crown 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 6s.,

**THE NATIONAL MELODIST.**

TWO HUNDRED STANDARD SONGS, WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Edited by J. O. KIRKER.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 8s. 6d.,

**THE SCOTTISH MELODIST.**

FORTY-EIGHT SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS, WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Edited by J. O. KIRKER.

The above two volumes are very excellent Collections of First-class Music. The arrangements and accompaniments, as the name of the Editor will sufficiently testify, are admirable. They form handsome and suitable presentation volumes.

## NIMMO'S INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING ANECDOTE BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, elegantly printed on superfine paper, and richly bound in cloth and gold and gilt edges, price 2s. each.

I.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

II.

### LAW AND LAWYERS.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

III.

### ART AND ARTISTS.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

IV.

### INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

V.

### OMENS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

CURIOUS FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES.

VI.

### CLERGYMEN AND DOCTORS.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

'This series seems well adapted to answer the end proposed by the publisher—that of providing, in a handy form, a compendium of wise and witty sayings, choice anecdotes, and memorable facts.'—*The Bookseller*.

## NIMMO'S POCKET TREASURIES.

Miniature 4to, choicely printed on the finest toned paper, and beautifully bound in a new style, cloth, price 1s. each. The Complete Set in an elegant Box, price 7s. 6d. each.

I.

### A Treasury of Table Talk.

II.

### Epigrams and Literary Follies.

III.

### A Treasury of Poetic Gems.

IV.

### The Table Talk of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

V.

### Gleanings from the Comedies of Shakespeare.

VI.

### Beauties of the British Dramatists.

'A charming little Series, well edited and printed. More thoroughly readable little books it would be hard to find; there is no padding in them, all is epigram, point, poetry, or sound common sense.'—*Publisher's Circular*.

In square 8vo, richly bound in cloth and gold, price 3s.,  
**THE LOVES OF ROSE PINK AND SKY BLUE,**  
 AND OTHER STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN.

By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D.,  
 Author of 'Tales of Old English Life,' etc. etc.

Profusely Illustrated with Original humorous Illustrations on Wood.

'It is a clever book by a clever man. There is a mind in every page, and the illustrations show that the artist appreciates the humour of the author.'—*Daily News*.

'A fanciful and eccentric title for some very good fairy tales told to the little ones.'—*The Times*.

'The prose and verse stories in this very handsome volume are of a healthy kind, and well calculated to compass the object for which they have been written, namely, the amusement of our young folk.'—*The Examiner*.

"The Loves of Rose Pink and Sky Blue, and other Stories told to Children," by Dr. W. F. Collier, is one of the most pleasant contributions to this season's literature which comes from the far north. It is genial in its purpose, pleasant in its details, and natural in its composition.—*Bell's Messenger*.

Second Edition, enlarged, price 8s., richly bound,  
**STORY OF THE KINGS OF JUDAH AND ISRAEL.**

WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN.

By A. O. B.

Illustrated with Full-page Engravings and Map.

'We have been much pleased with the "Story of the Kings of Judah," which will prove a real boon to children, who so often are compelled to puzzle their little brains over the history of the Kings of Judah and Israel, with the vaguest possible idea of what it all means. This little work gives the best and clearest account we have ever seen, as adapted to the comprehension of children; and the author is evidently one who has been accustomed to the training of young minds, and knows how to meet their difficulties.'—*Churchman's Companion*.

**NEW GIFT-BOOK FOR 1870.**

In Small Quarto, Price 10s. 6d.,

**EPISODES OF FICTION;**  
 OR, CHOICE STORIES FROM THE GREAT NOVELISTS.

With Biographical Introductions and Notes, etc.

This work is profusely Illustrated with Original Engravings by the most distinguished Artists. It is beautifully printed at the BALLANTYNE PRESS on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold. The Engraving has been executed by Mr. ROBERT PATTERSON, Edinburgh, who is well known for the excellence of his work.





